

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

STILL ONLY 12¢

HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES

AT THE BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE

10006-405  
MAY





Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

# AT THE BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE

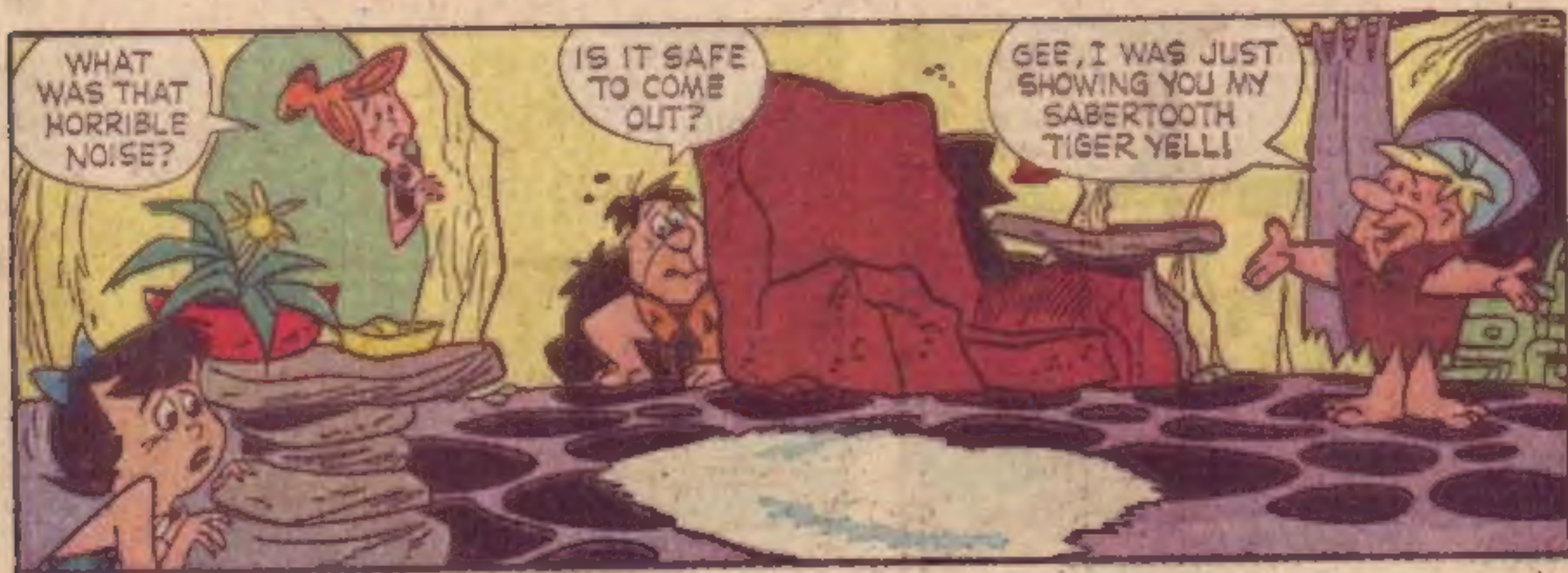


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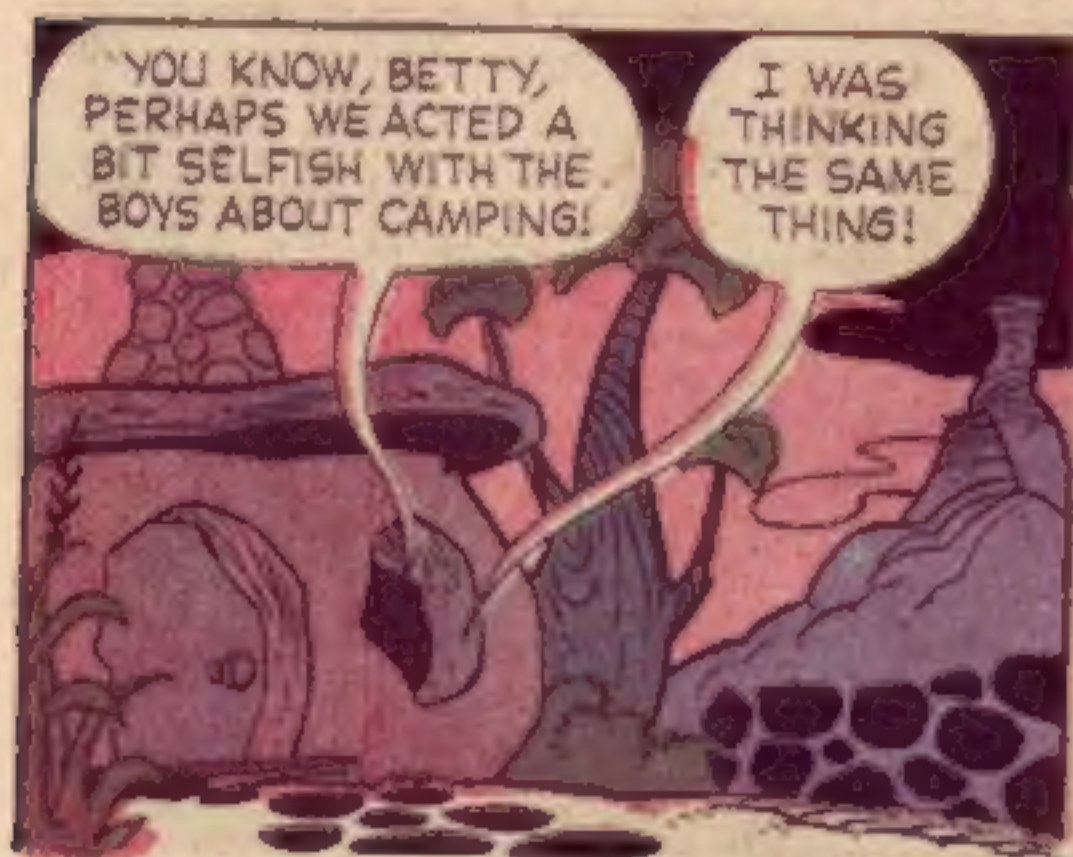
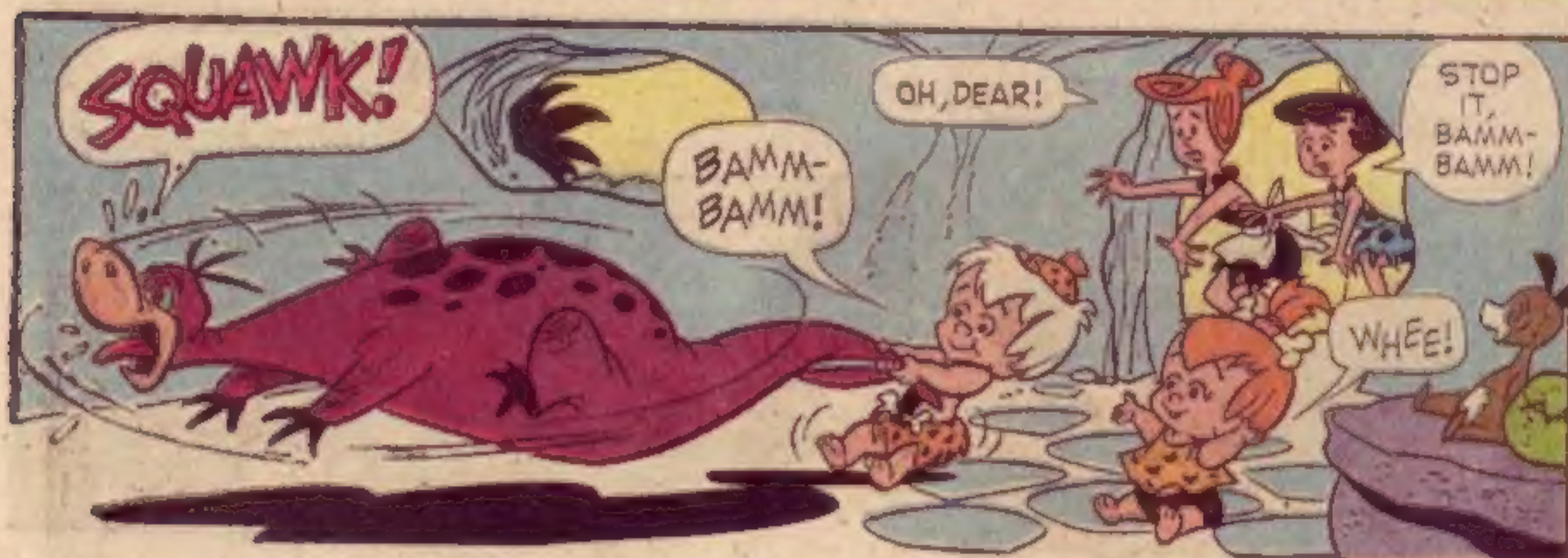








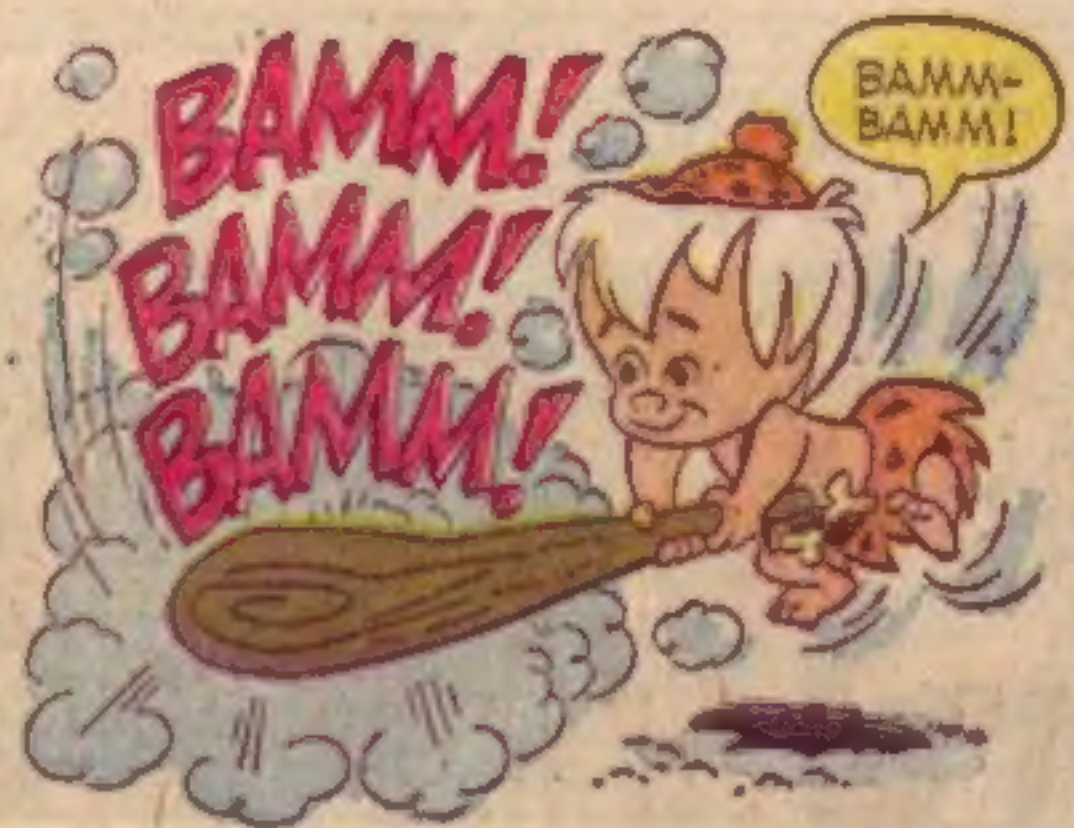




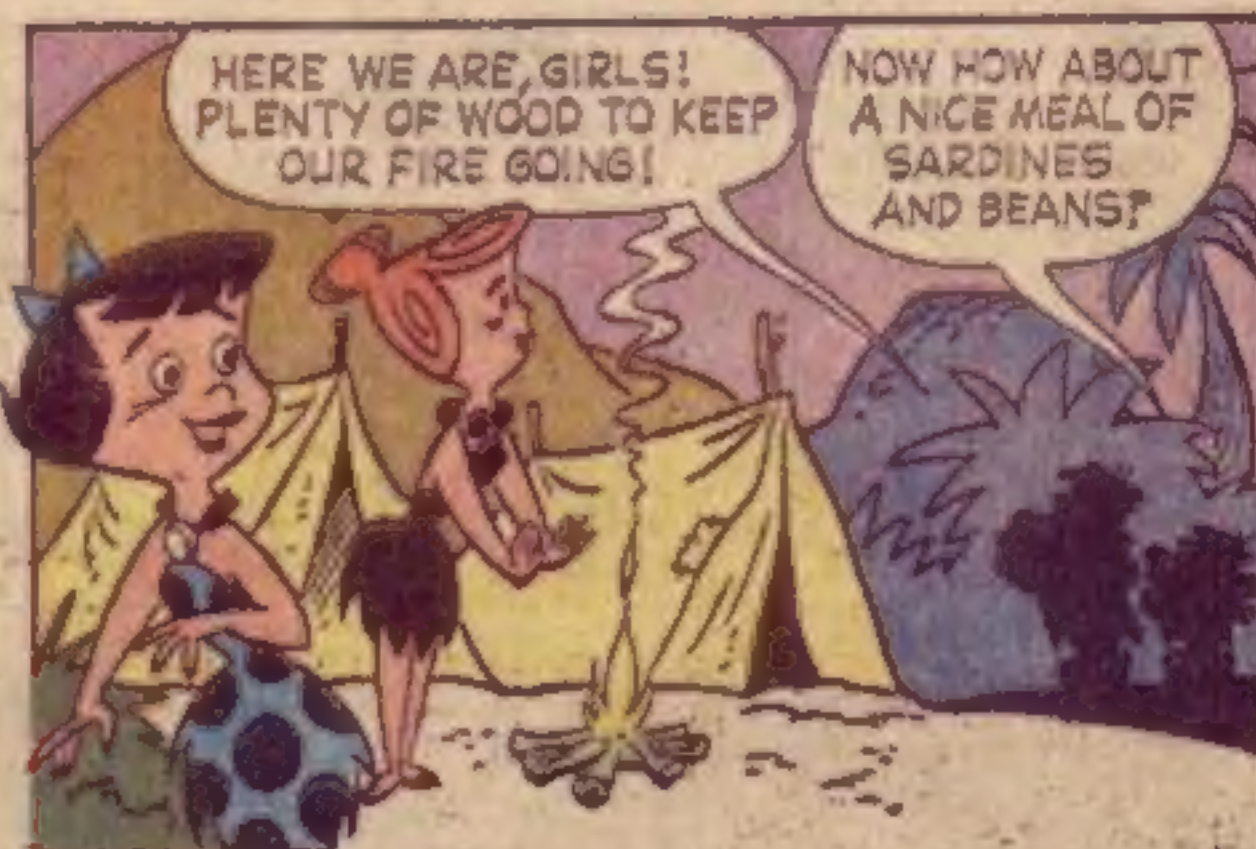




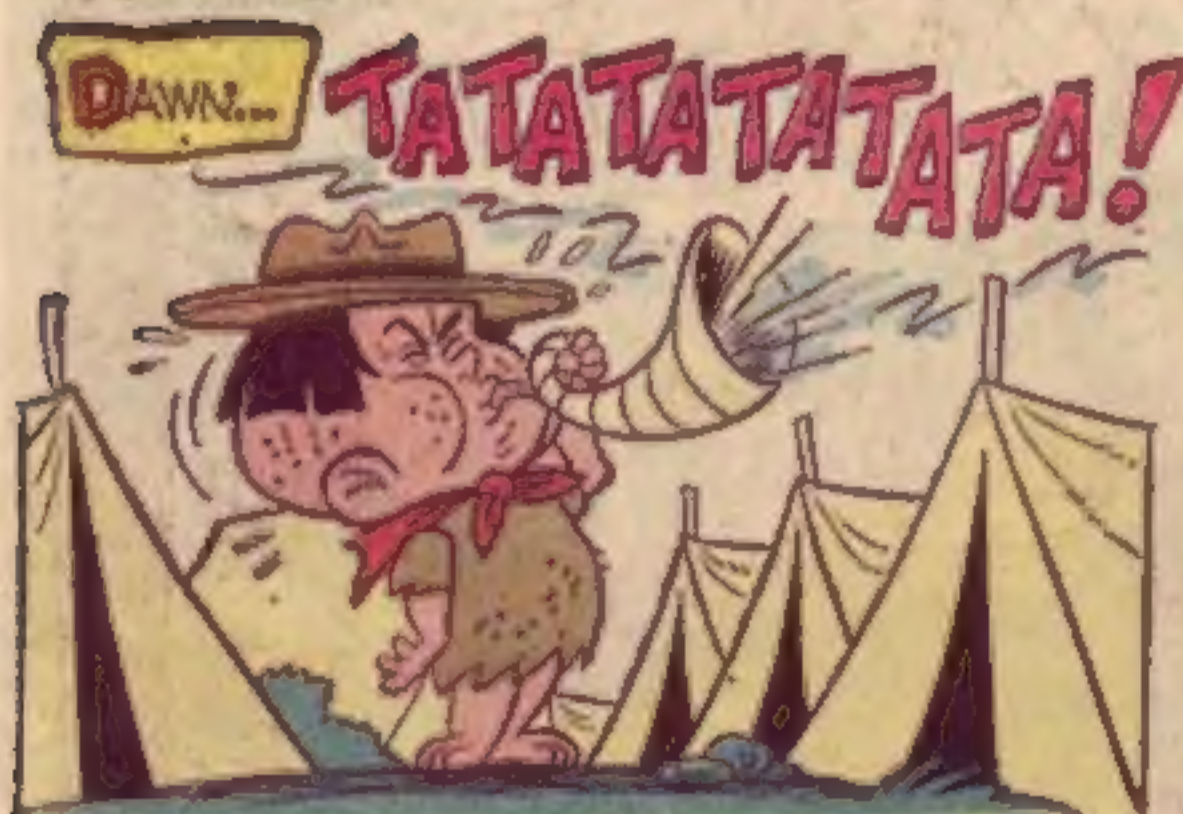










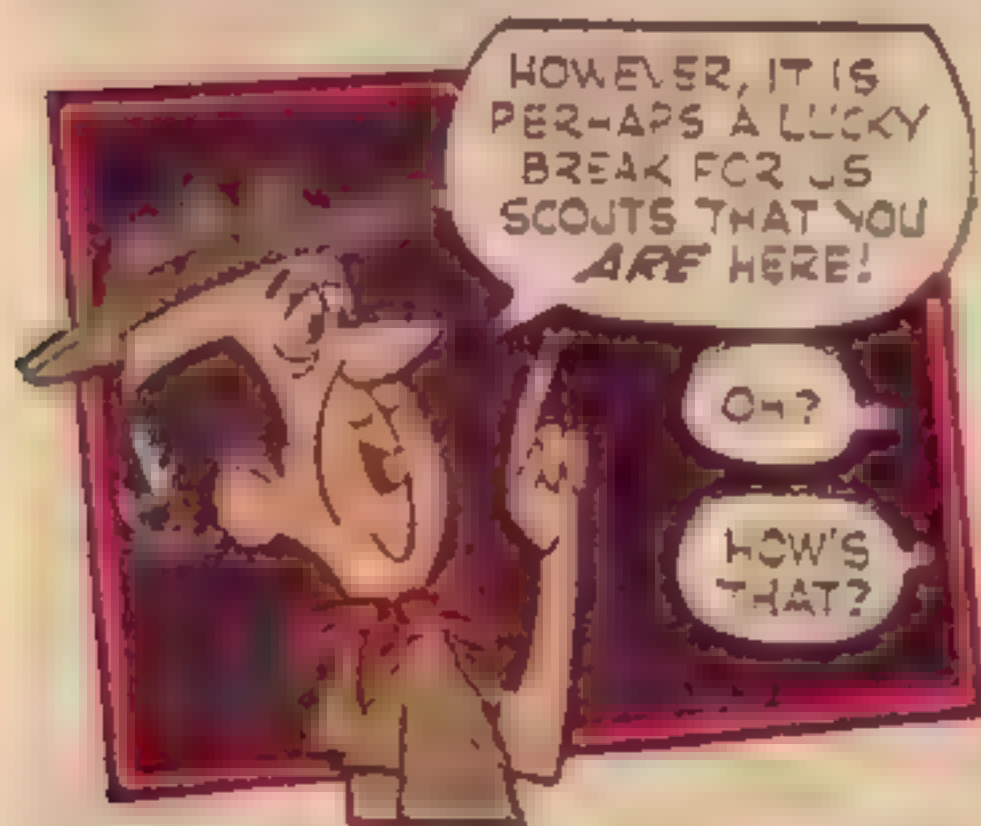
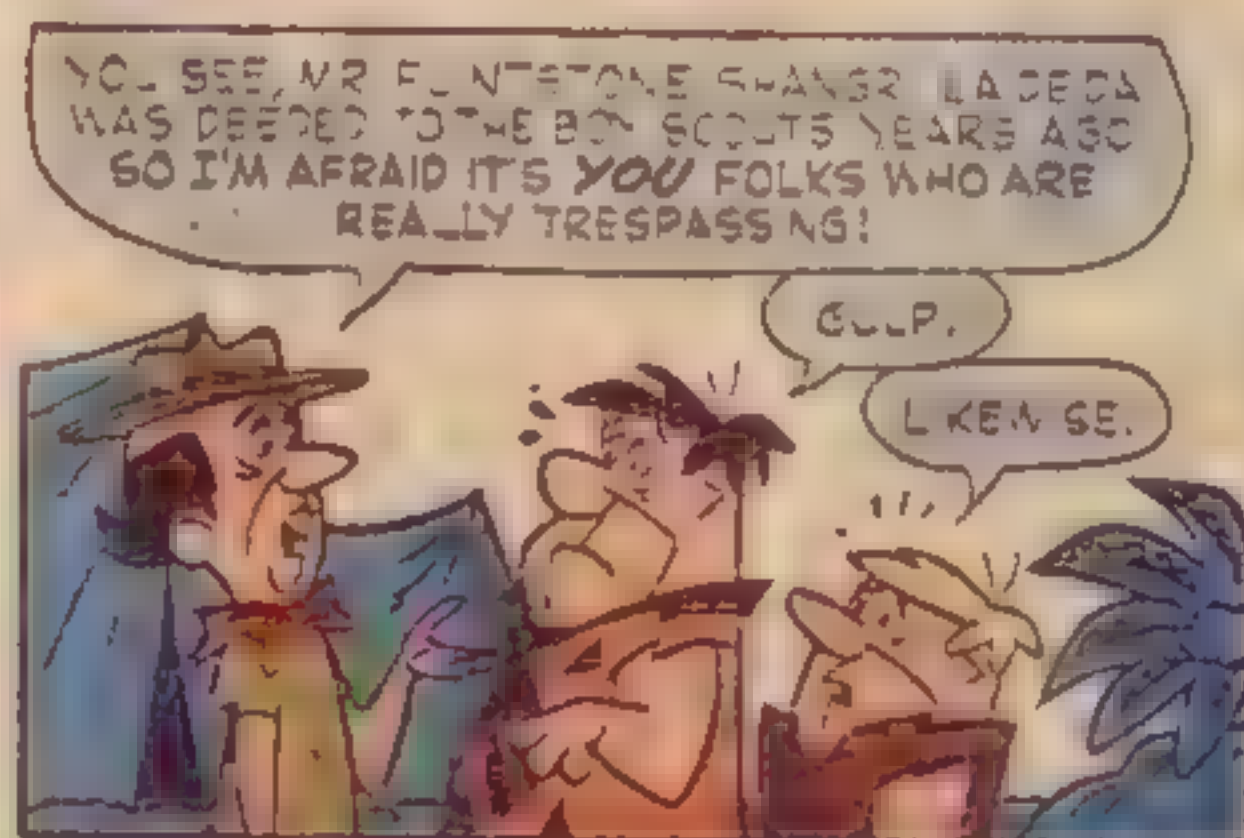
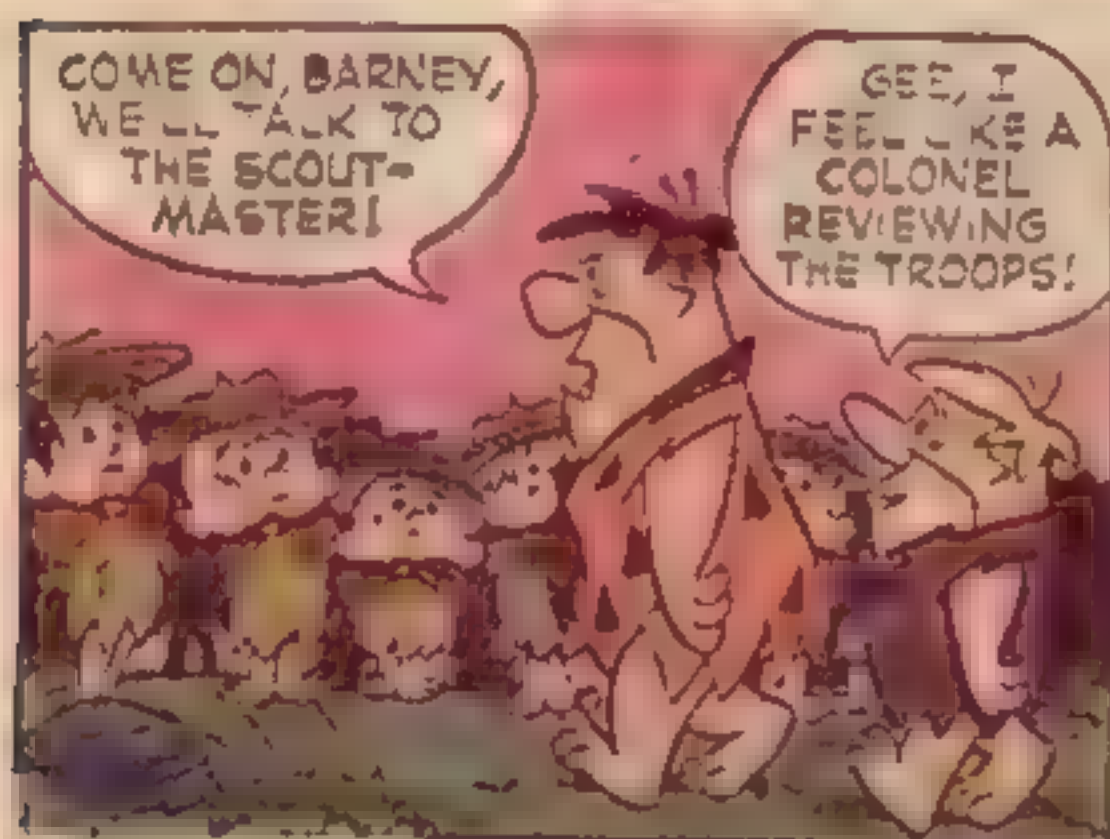
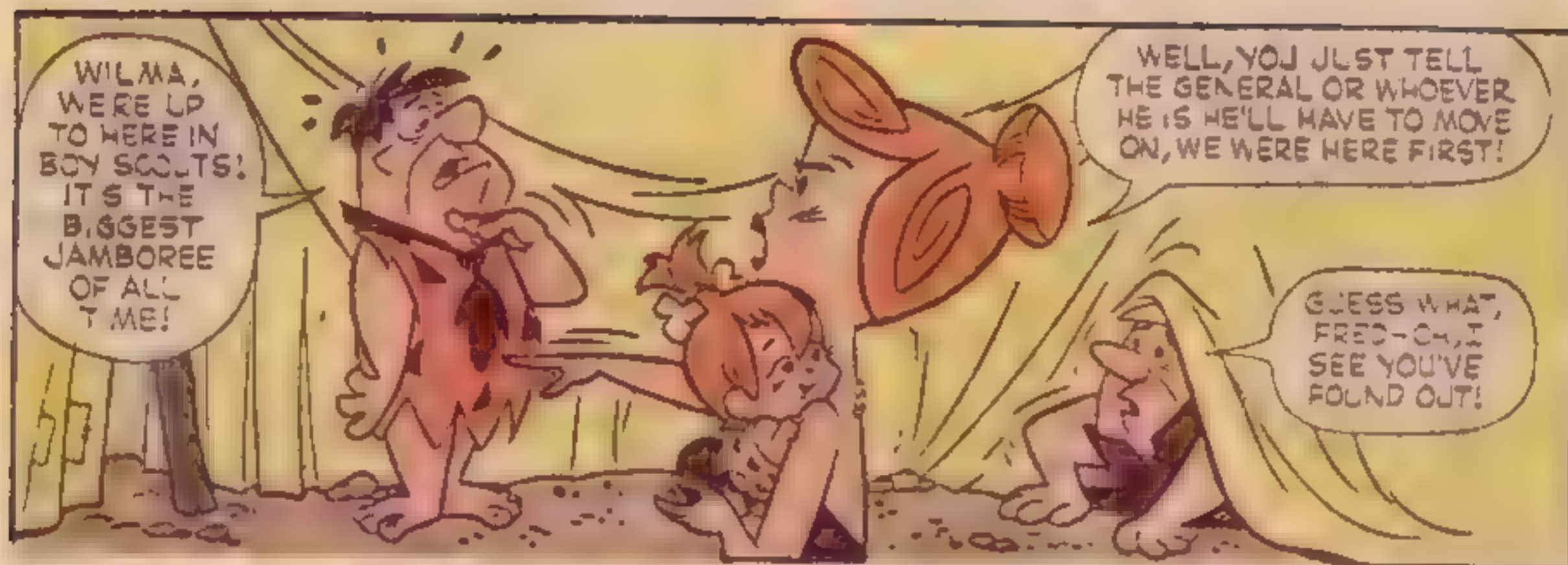




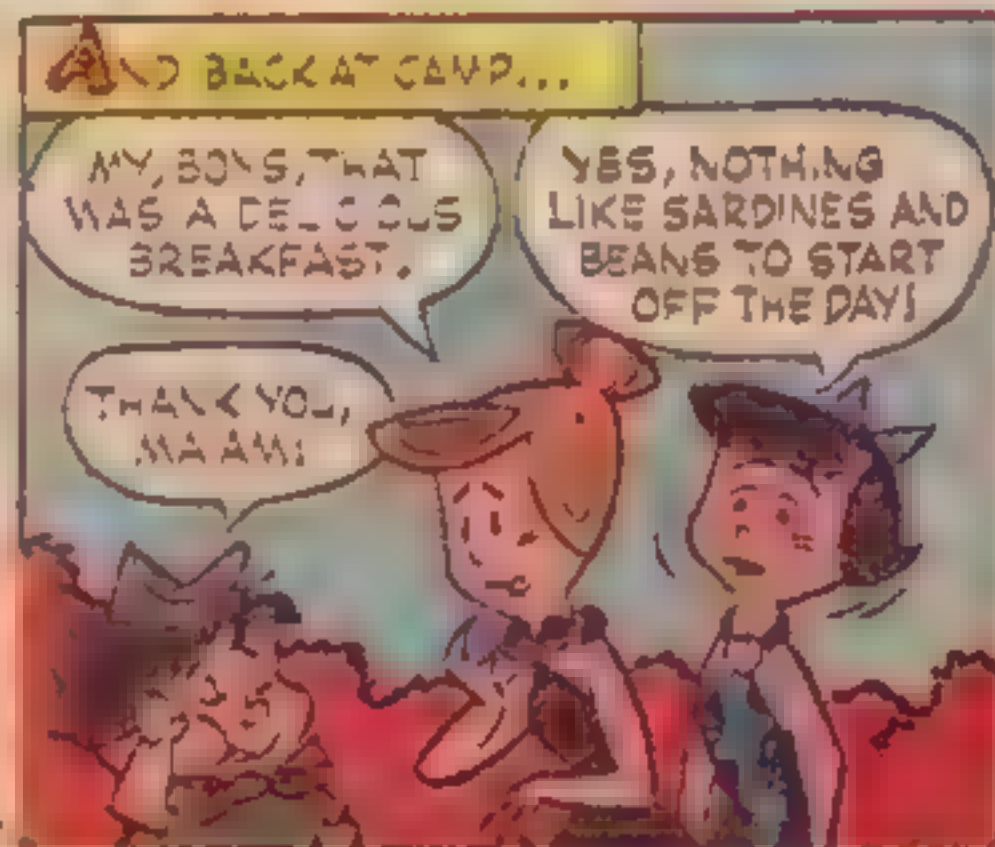
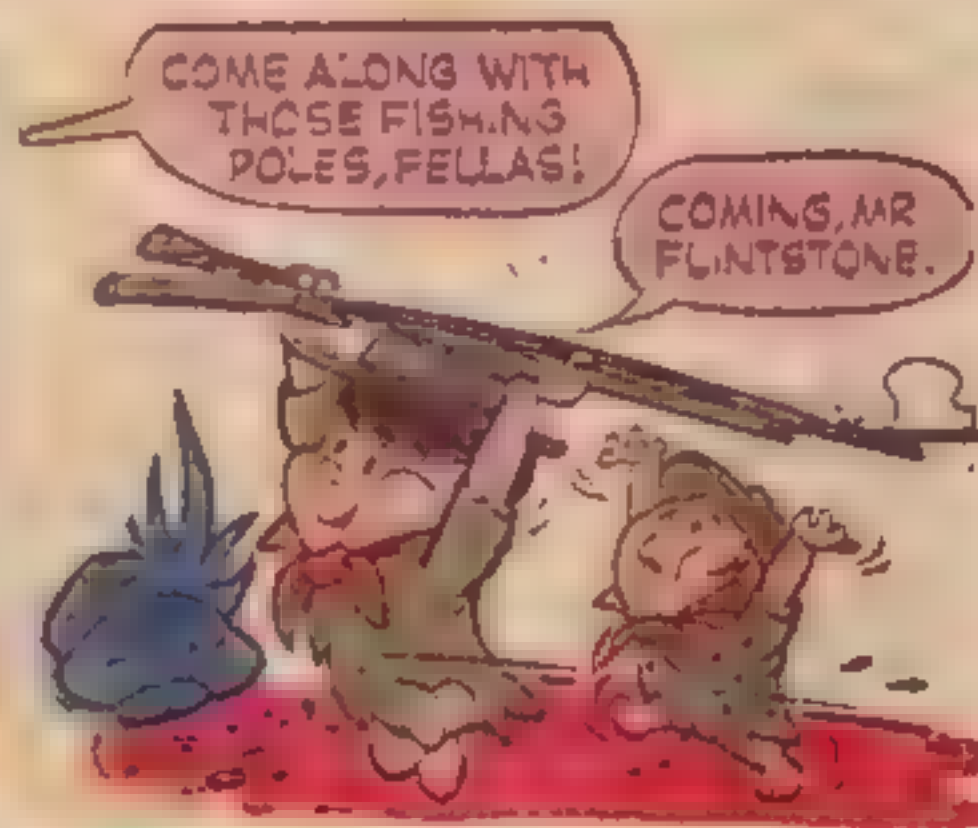
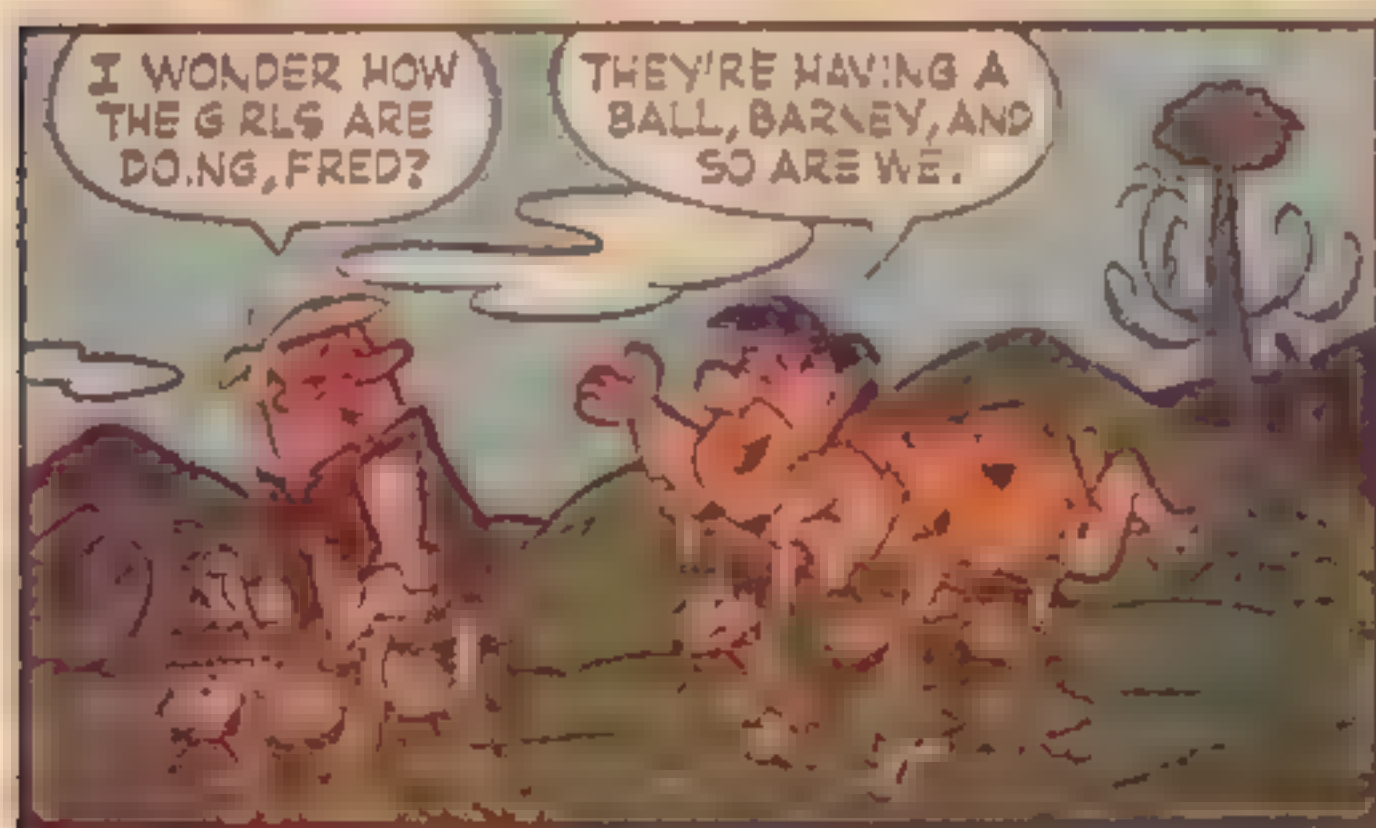
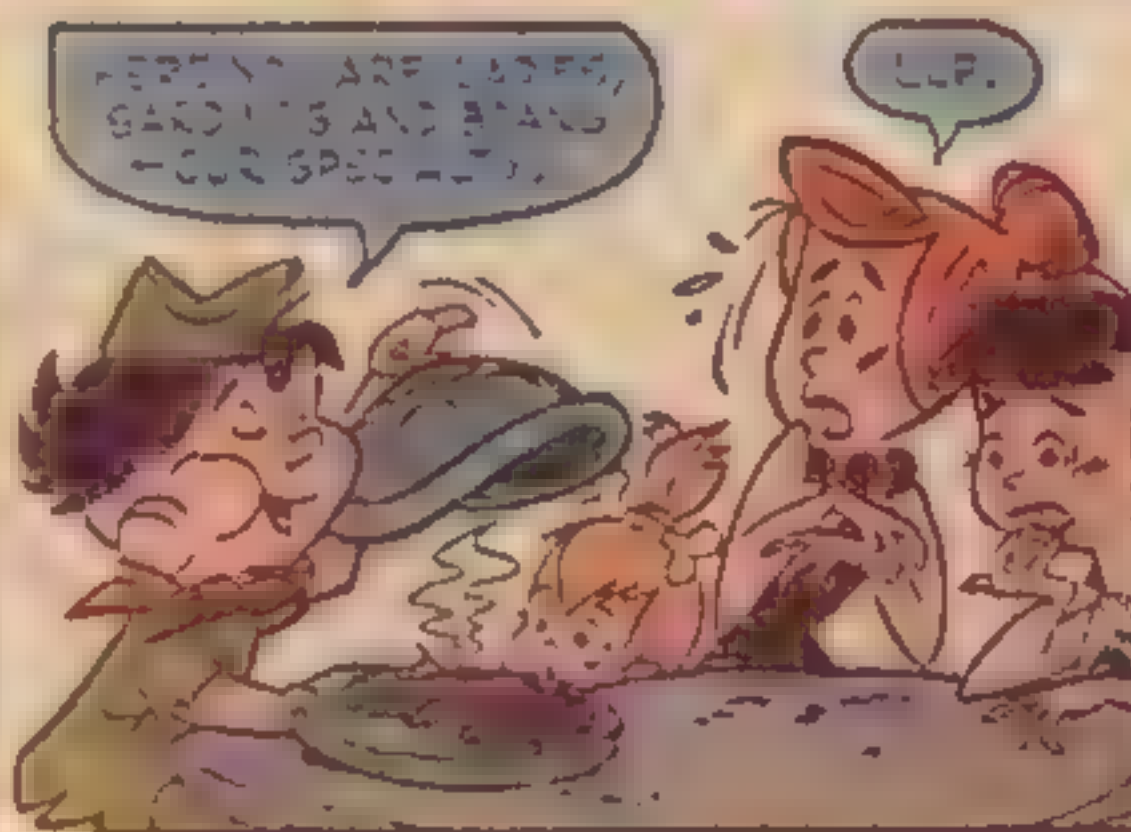
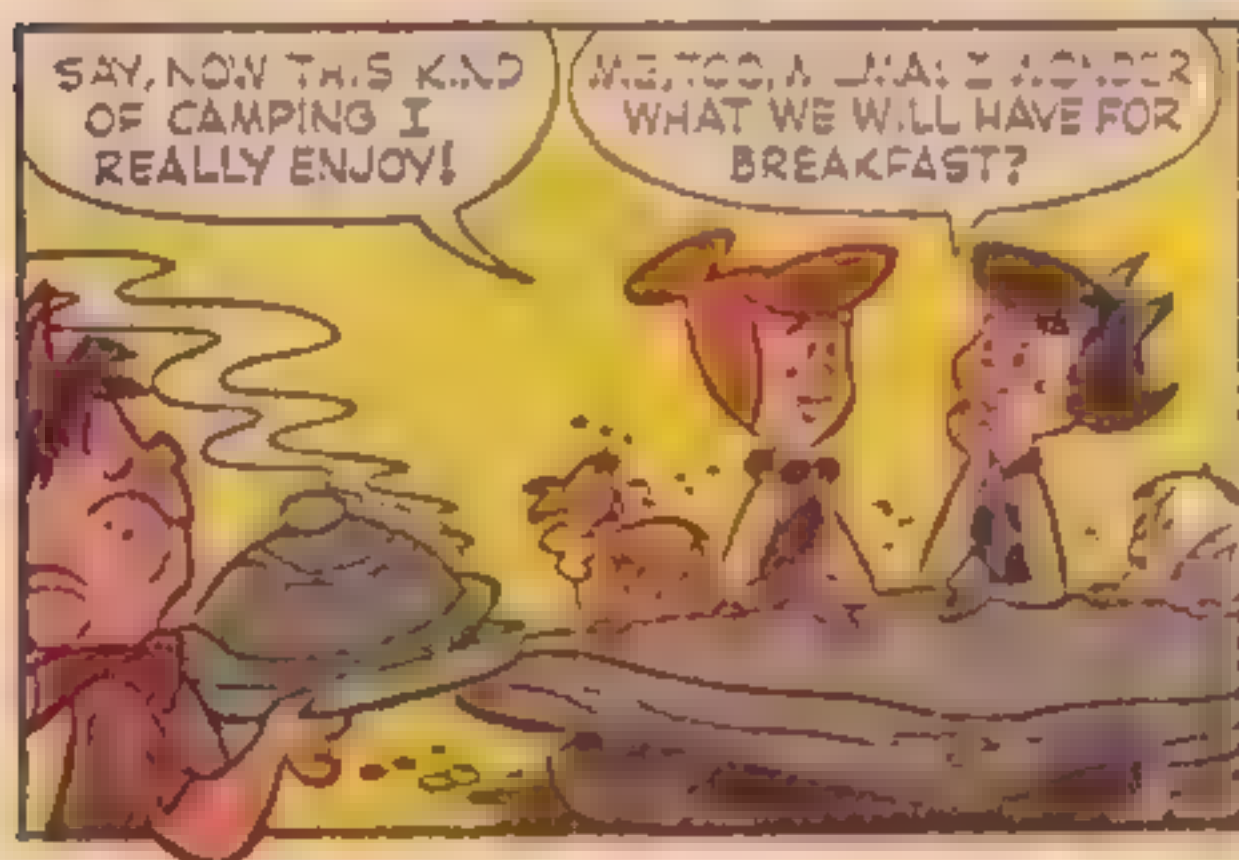
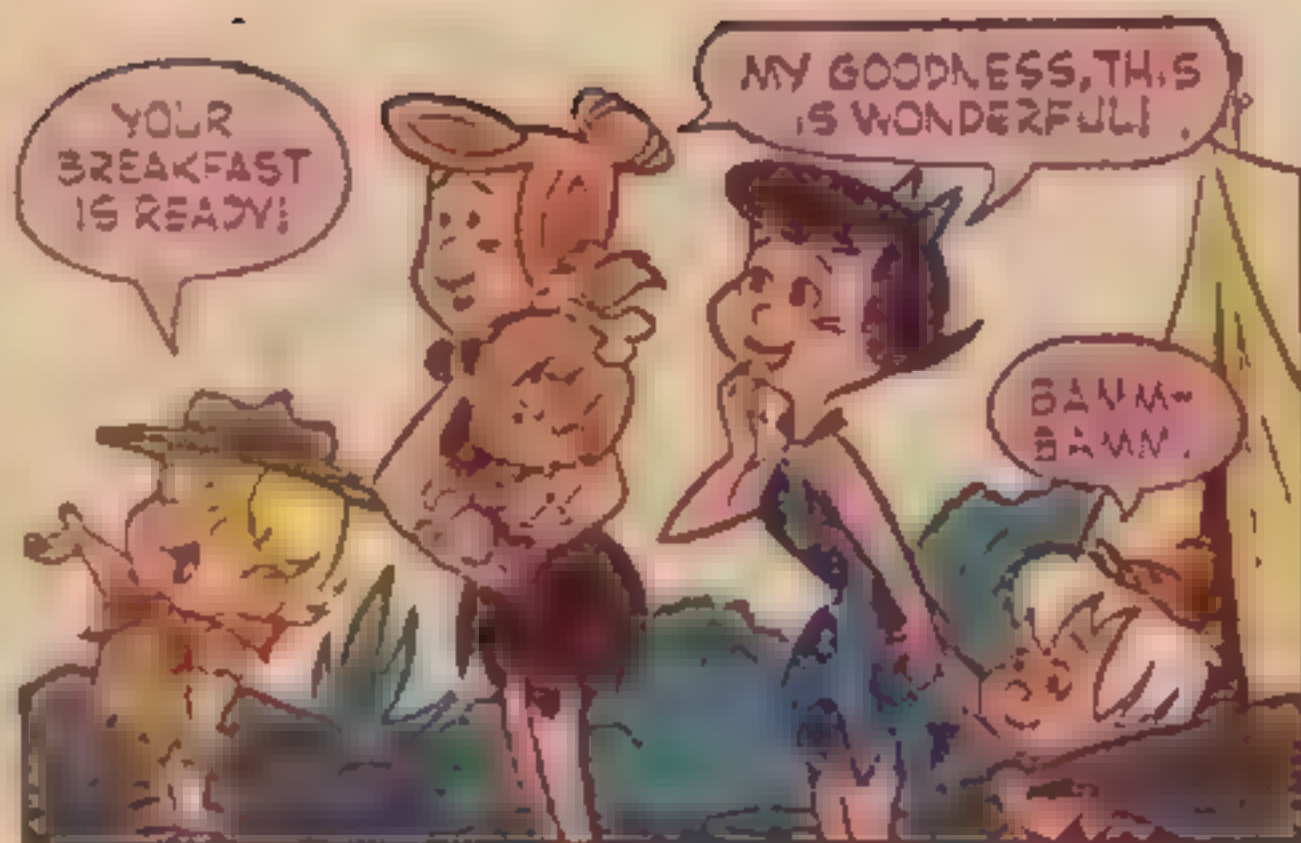
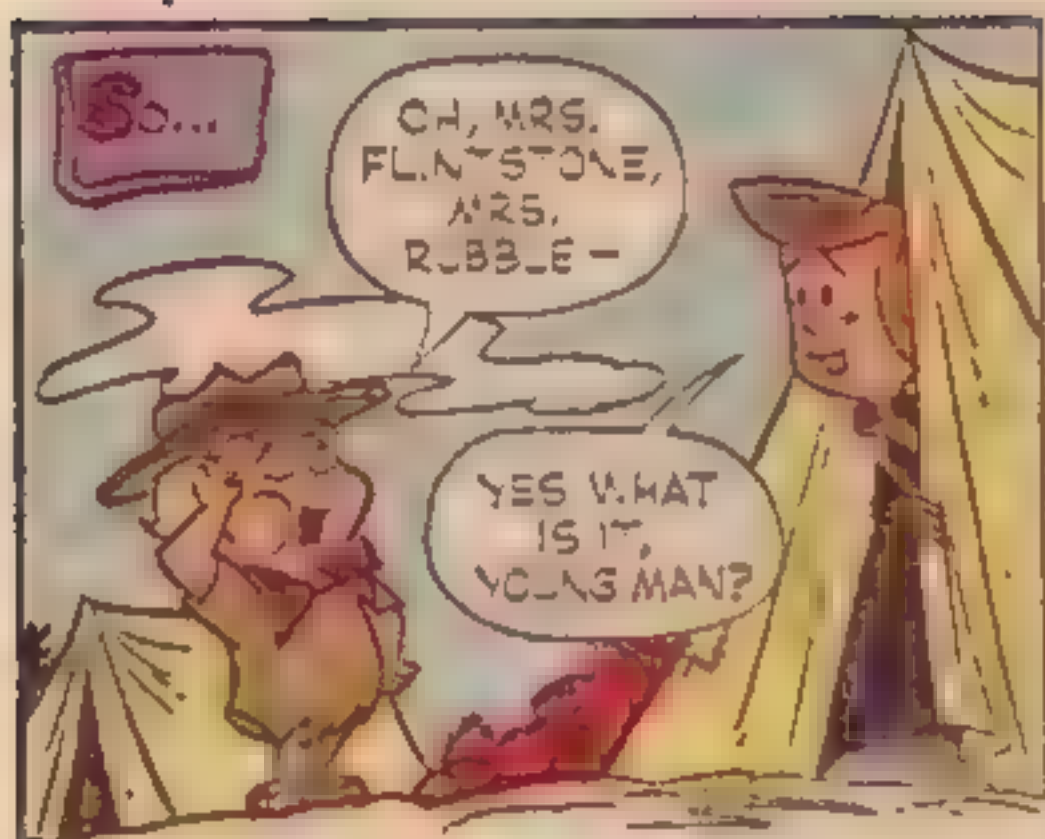
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MILLIONS!  
**BILLIONS!**  
**TRILLIONS!**  
**OF BOY SCOUTS!**  
**WILMA!**



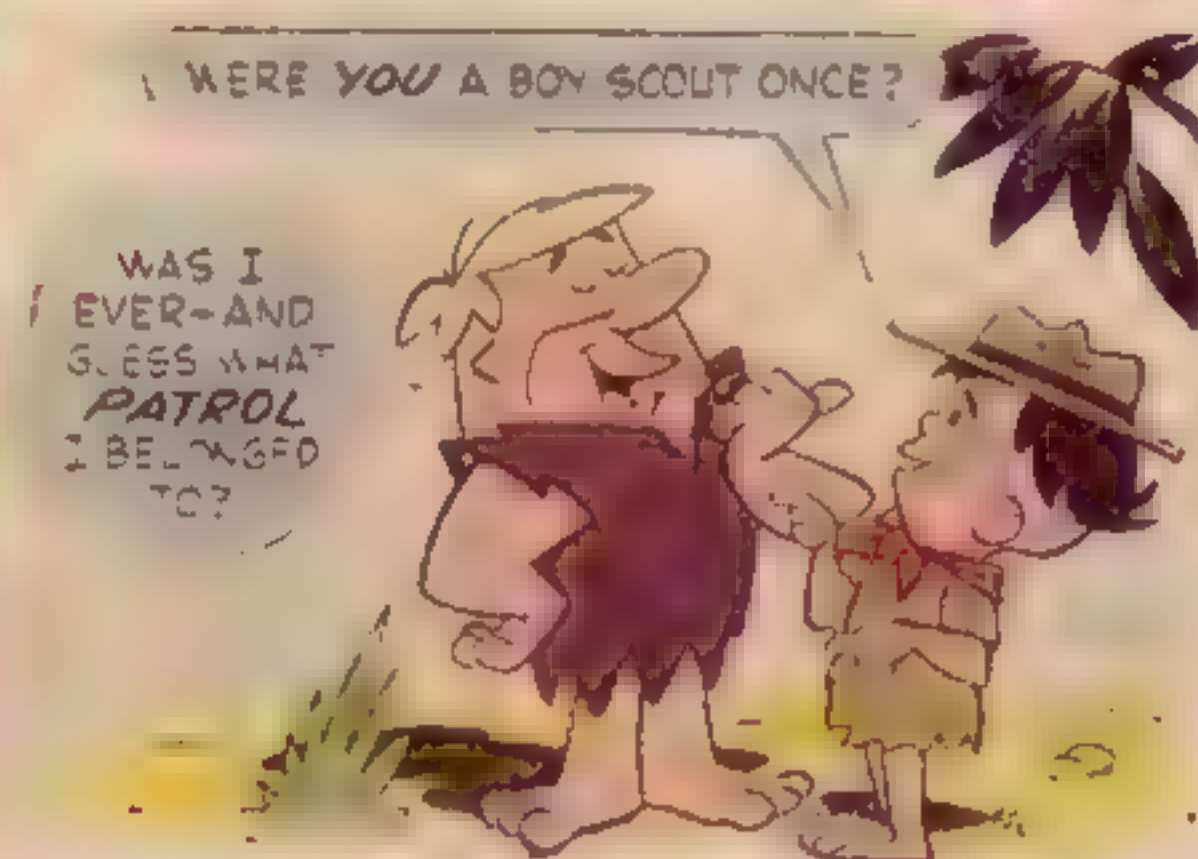
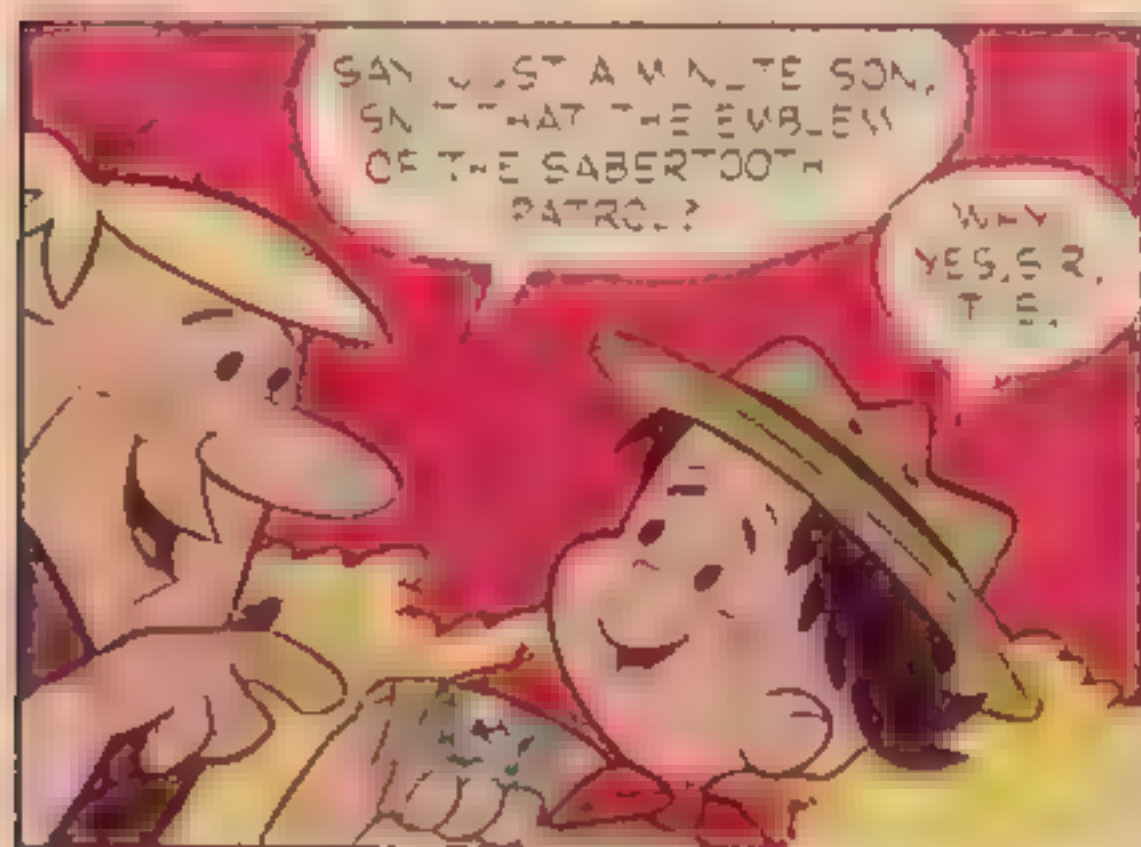
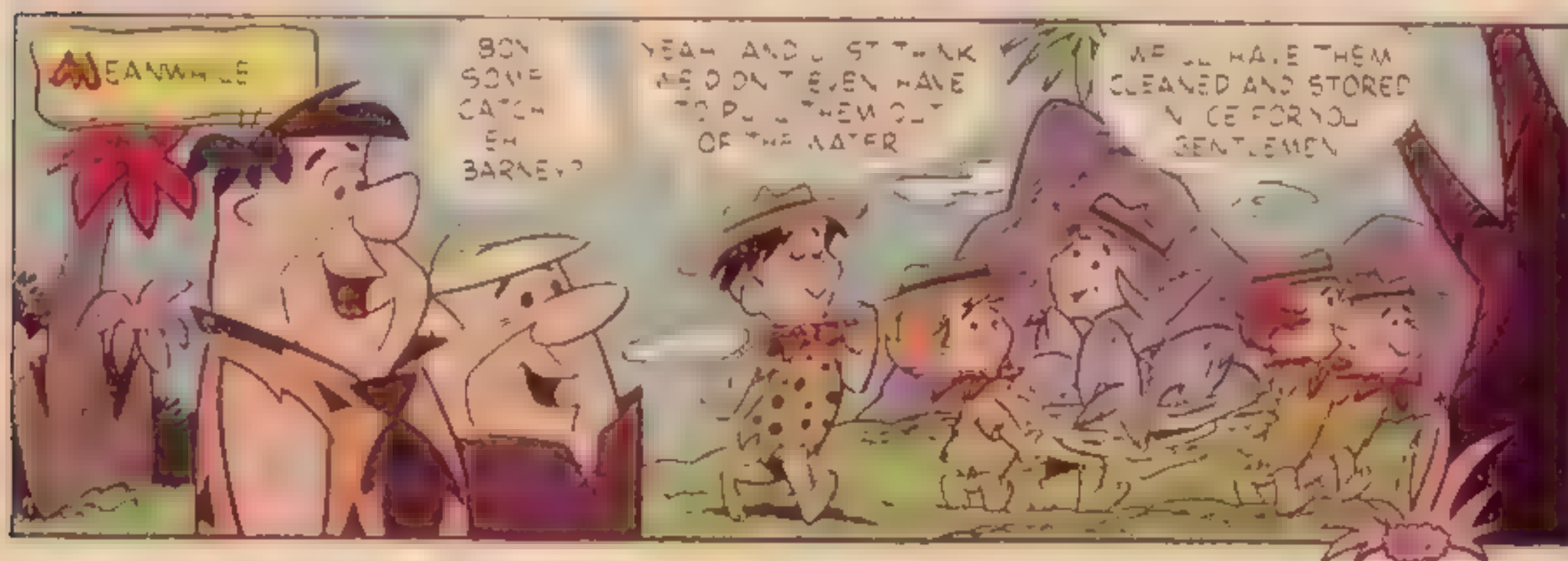
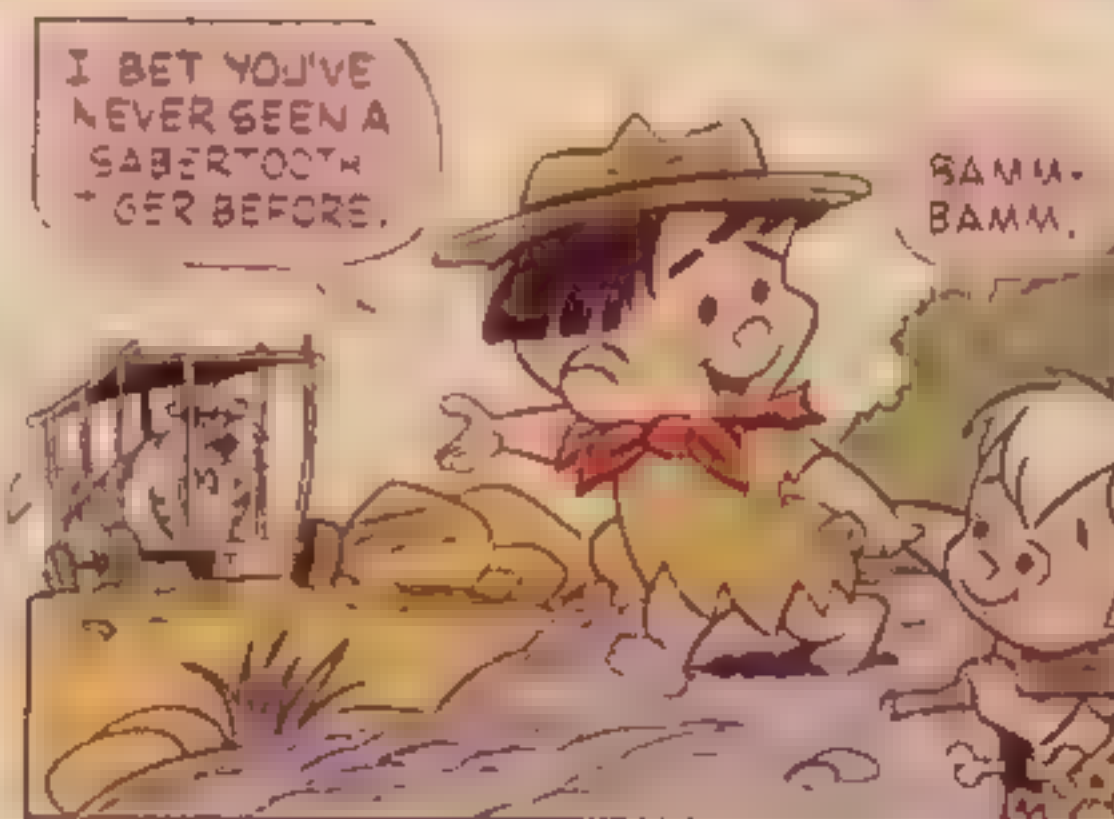
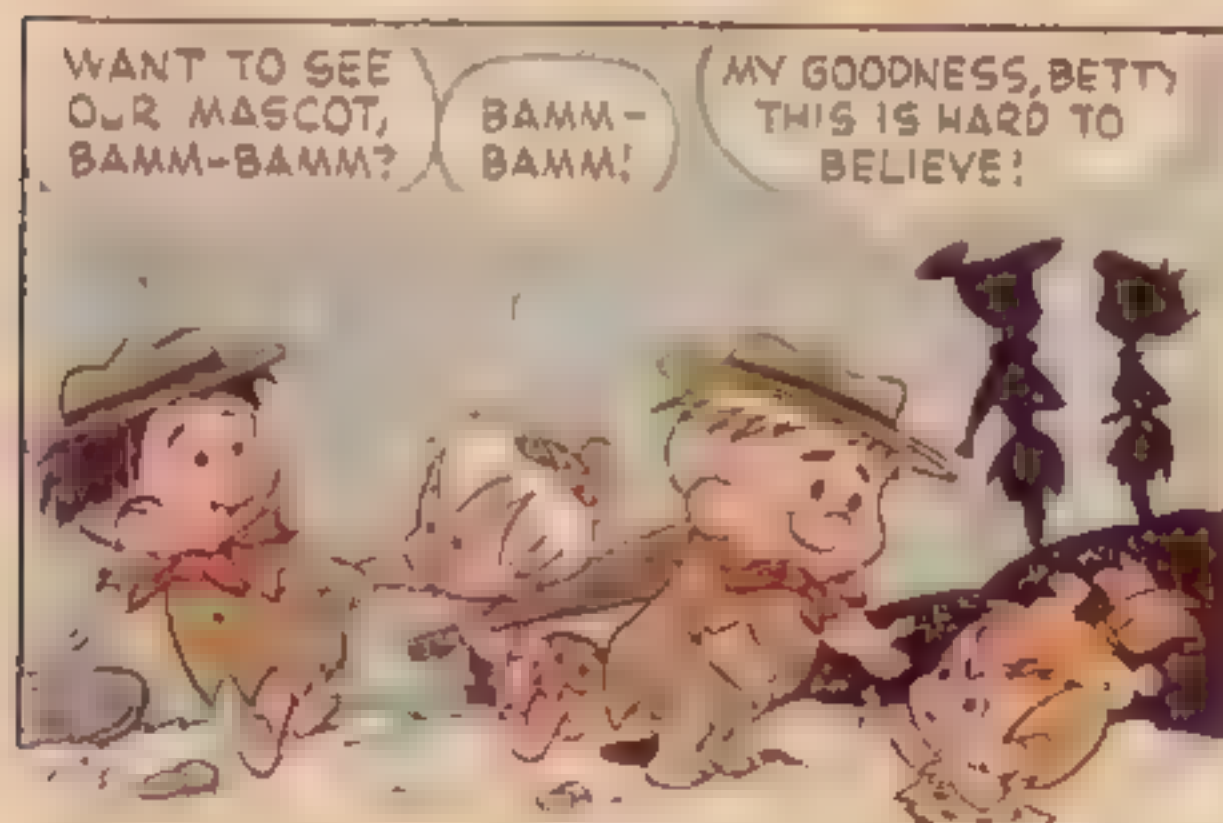
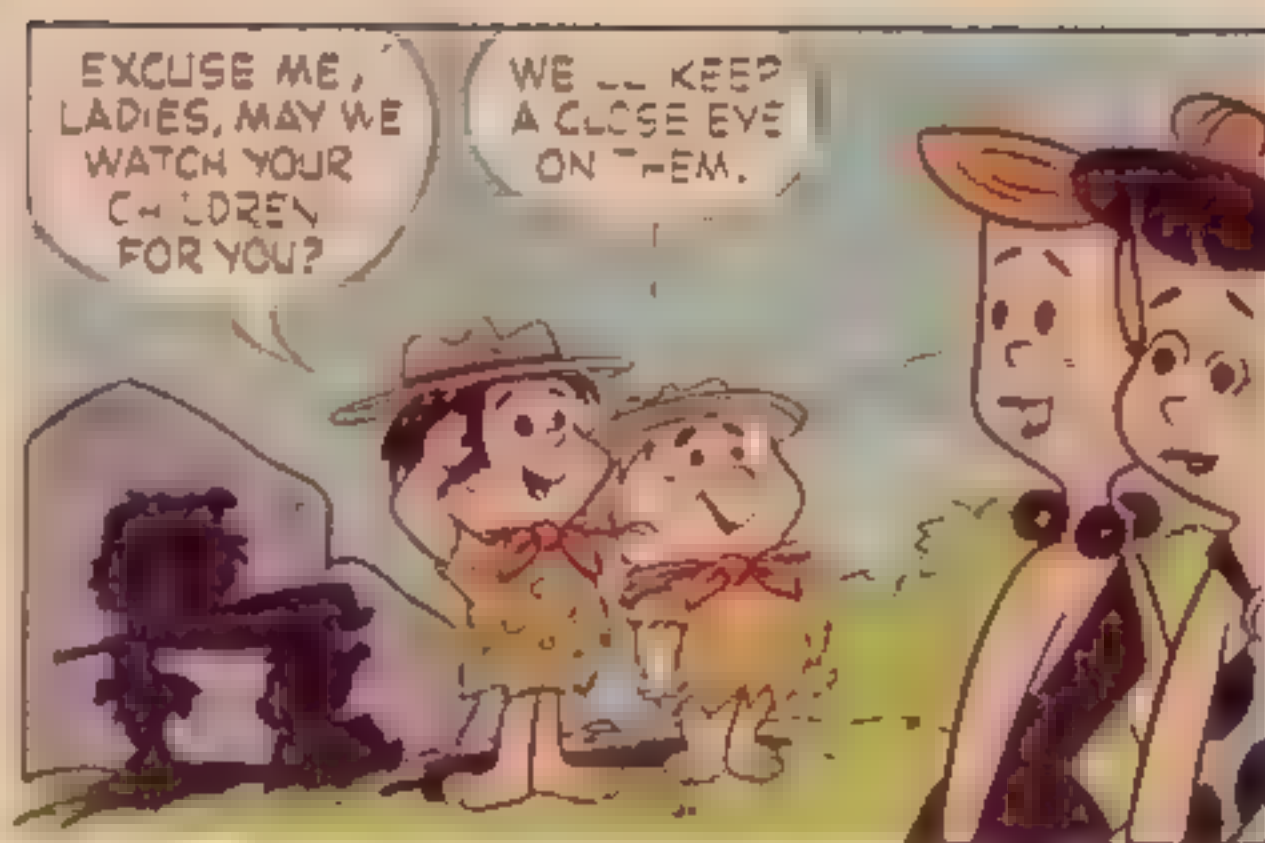
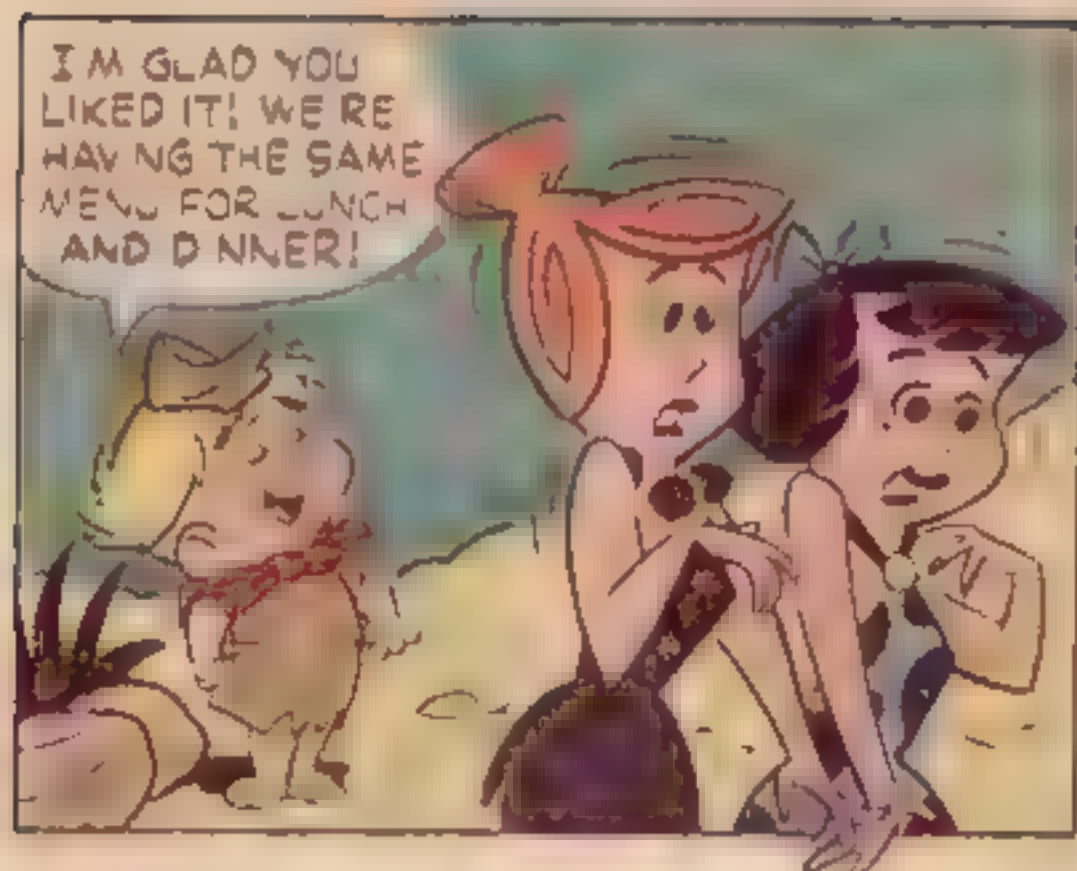




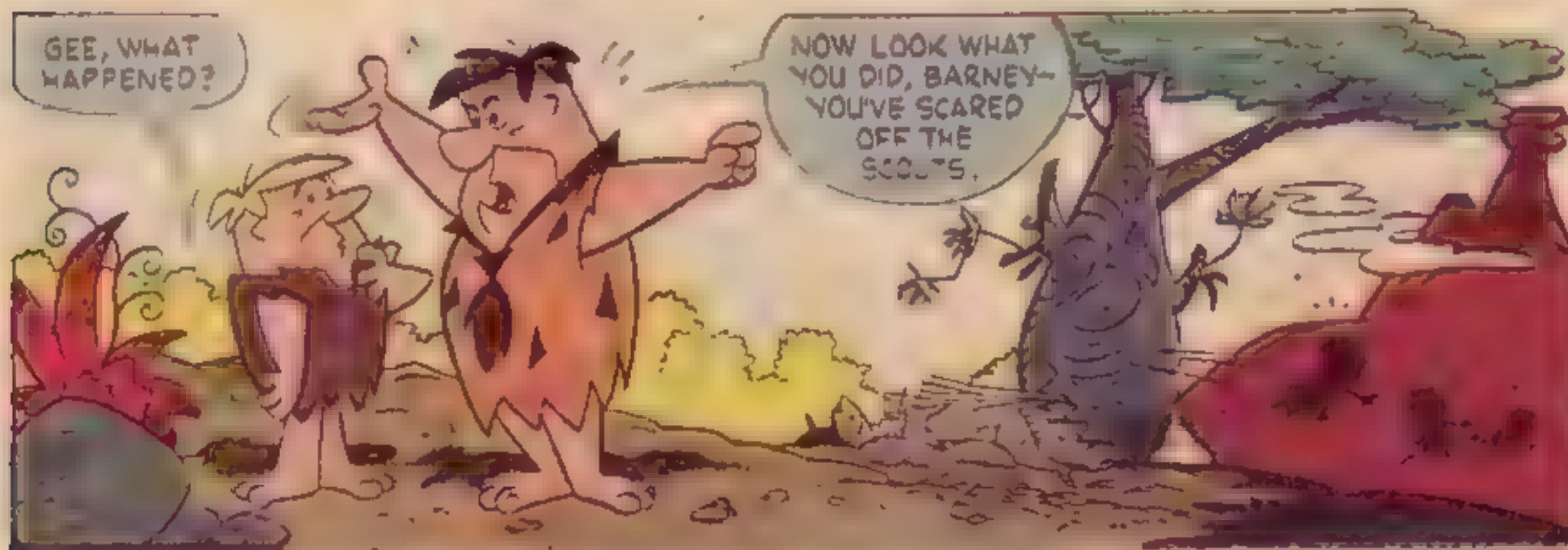
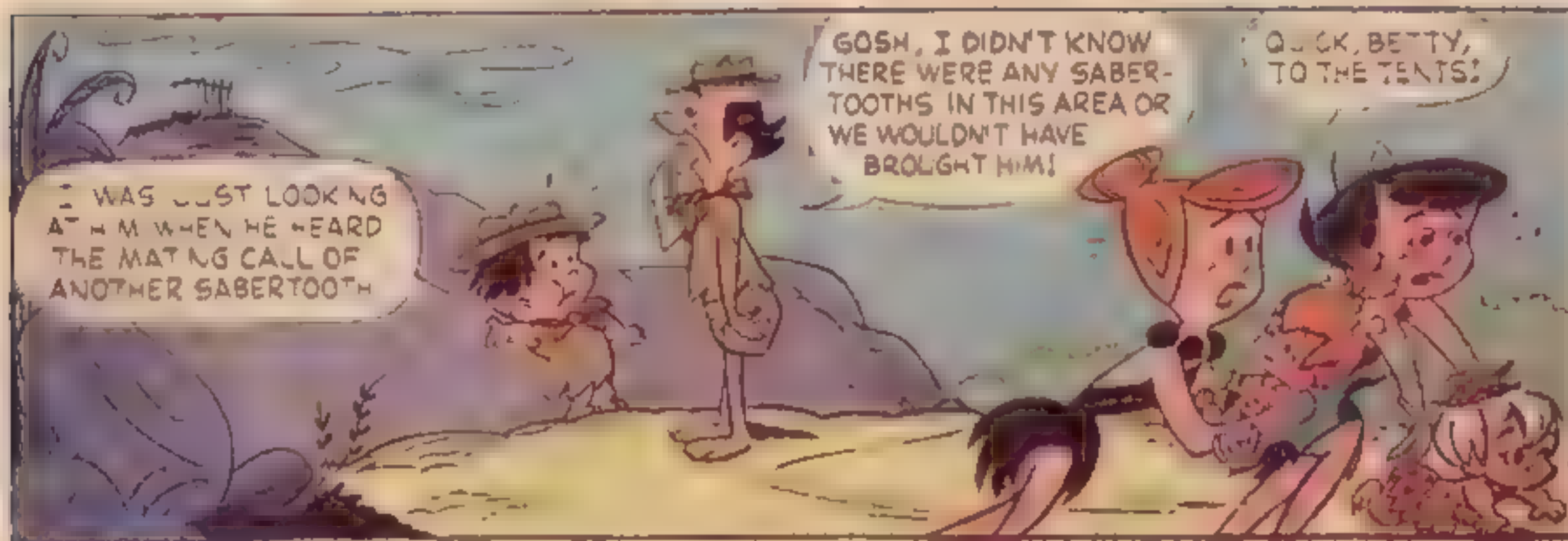
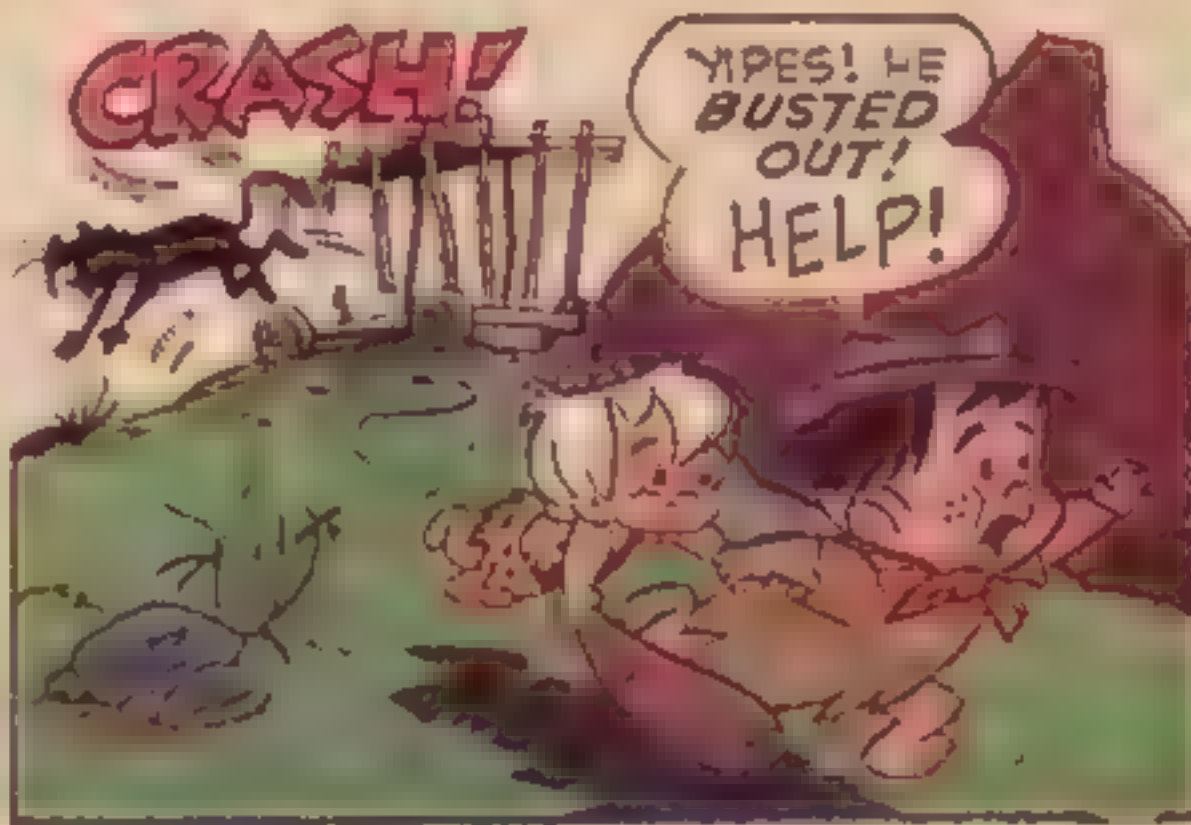
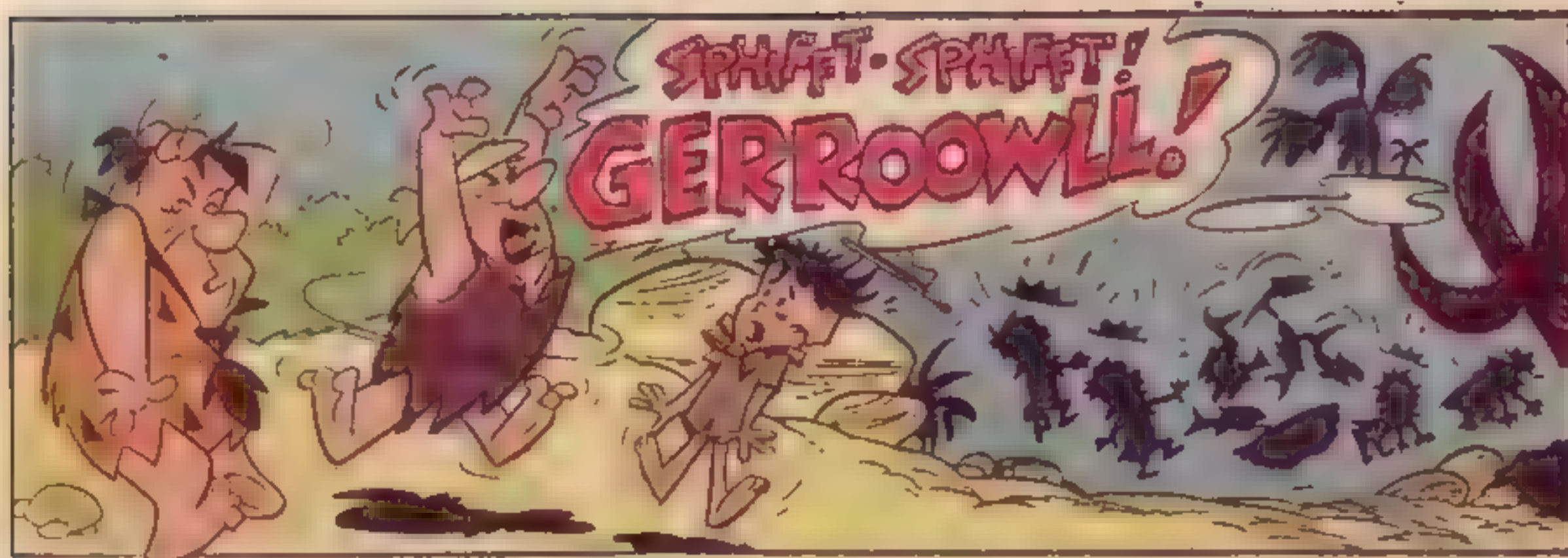




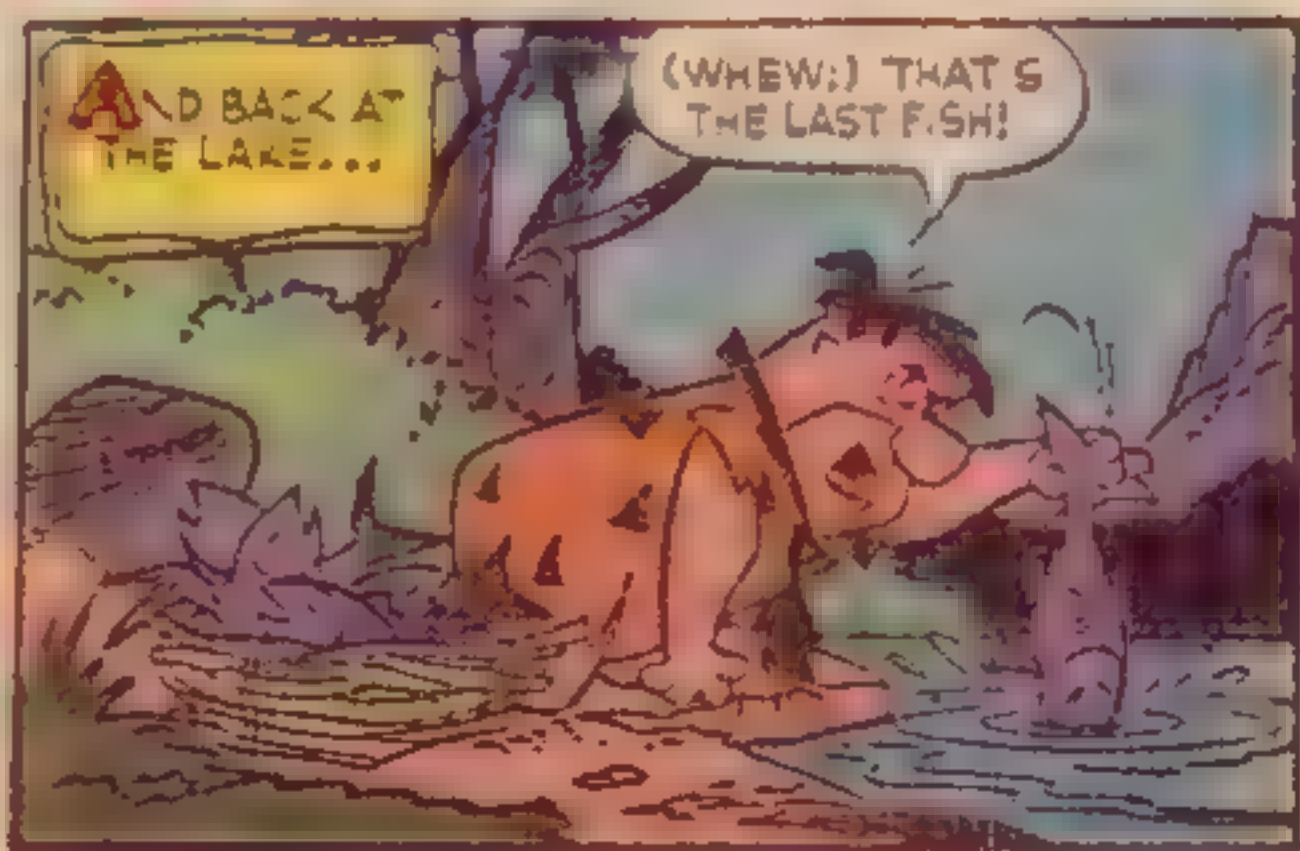
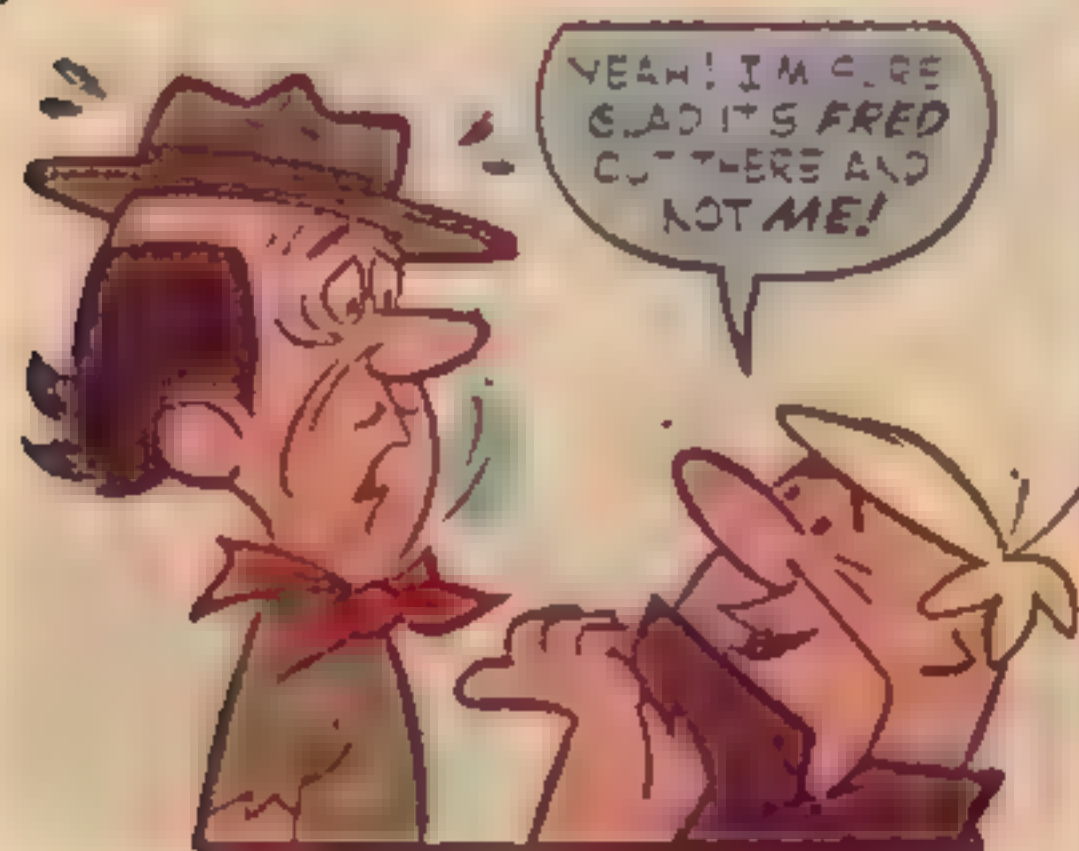
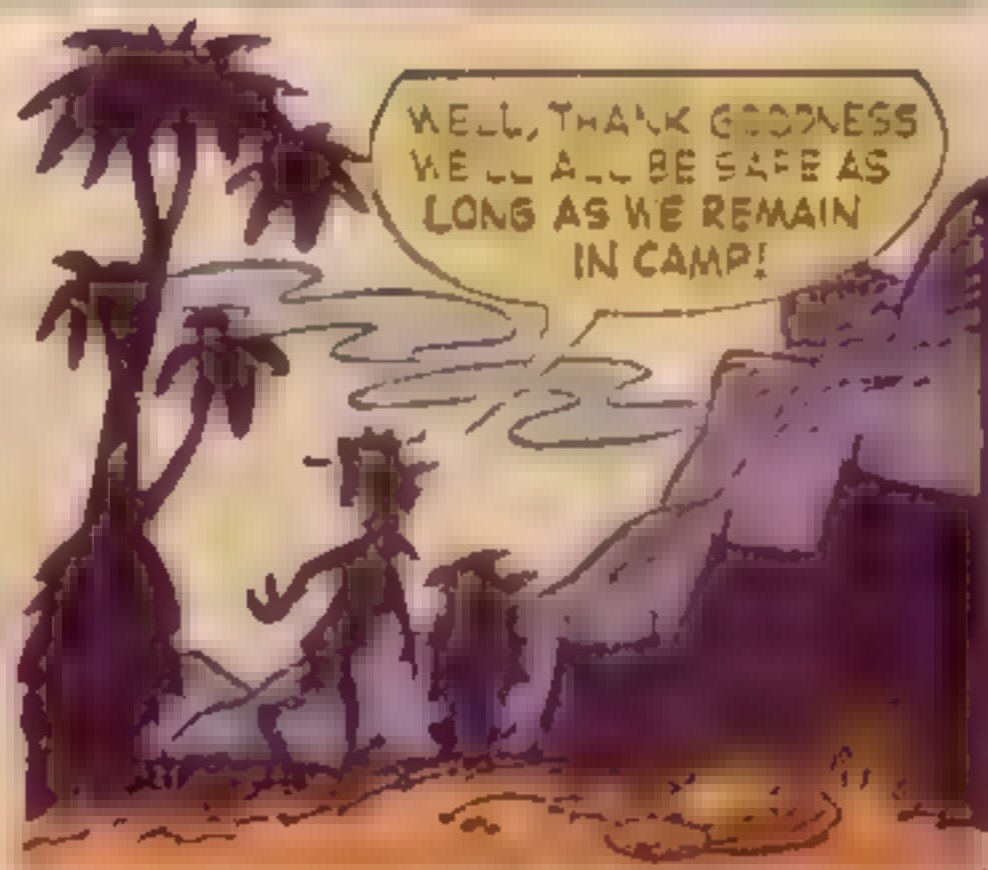
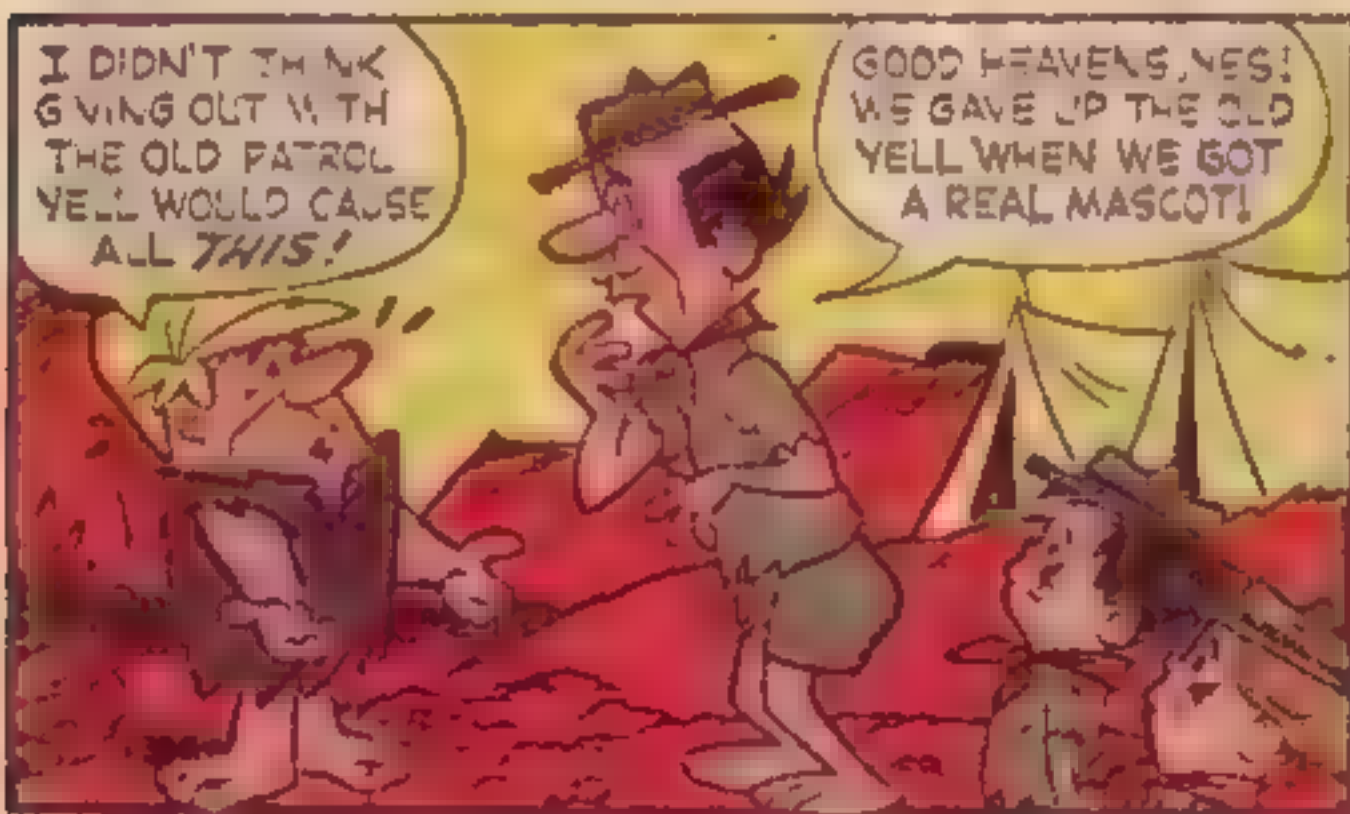
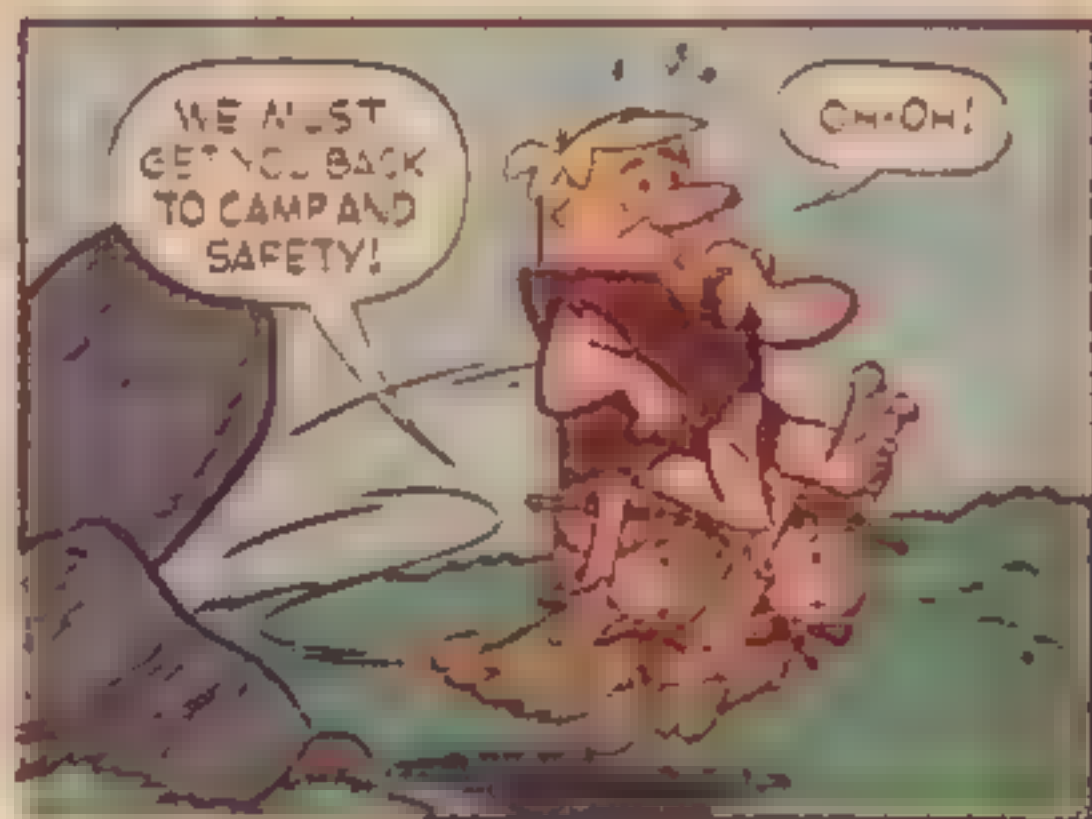
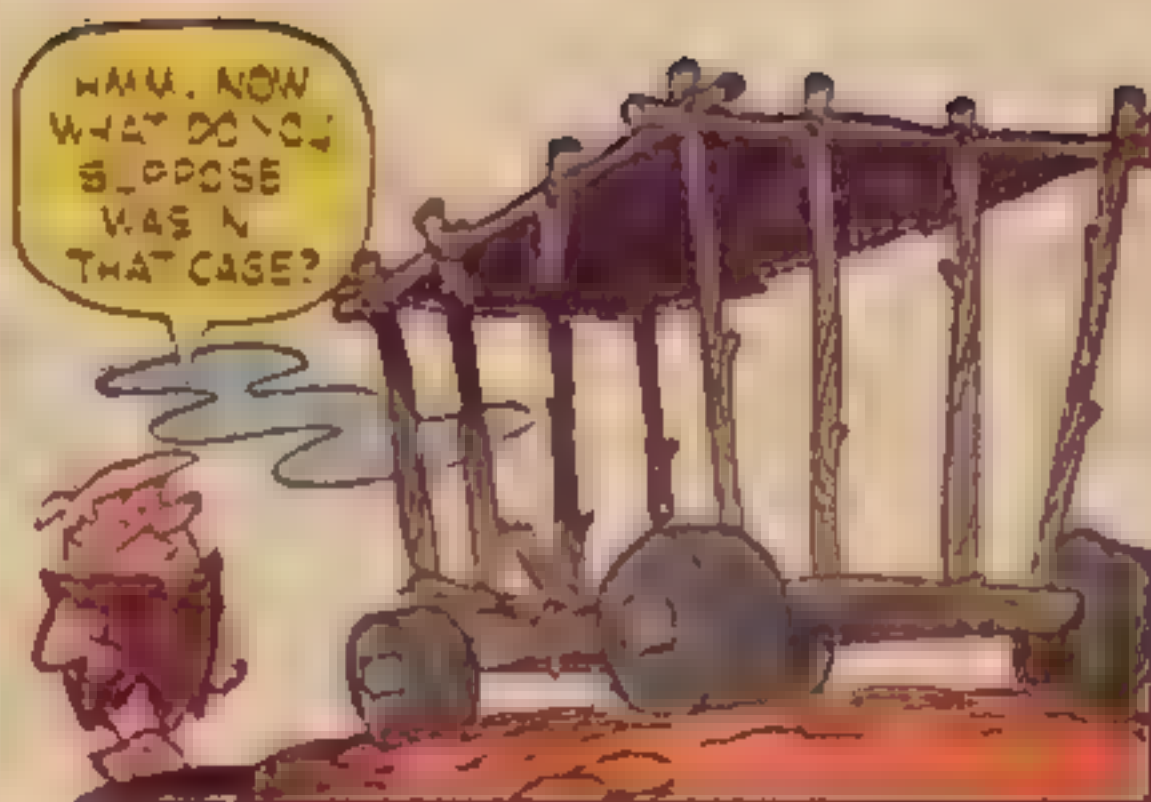
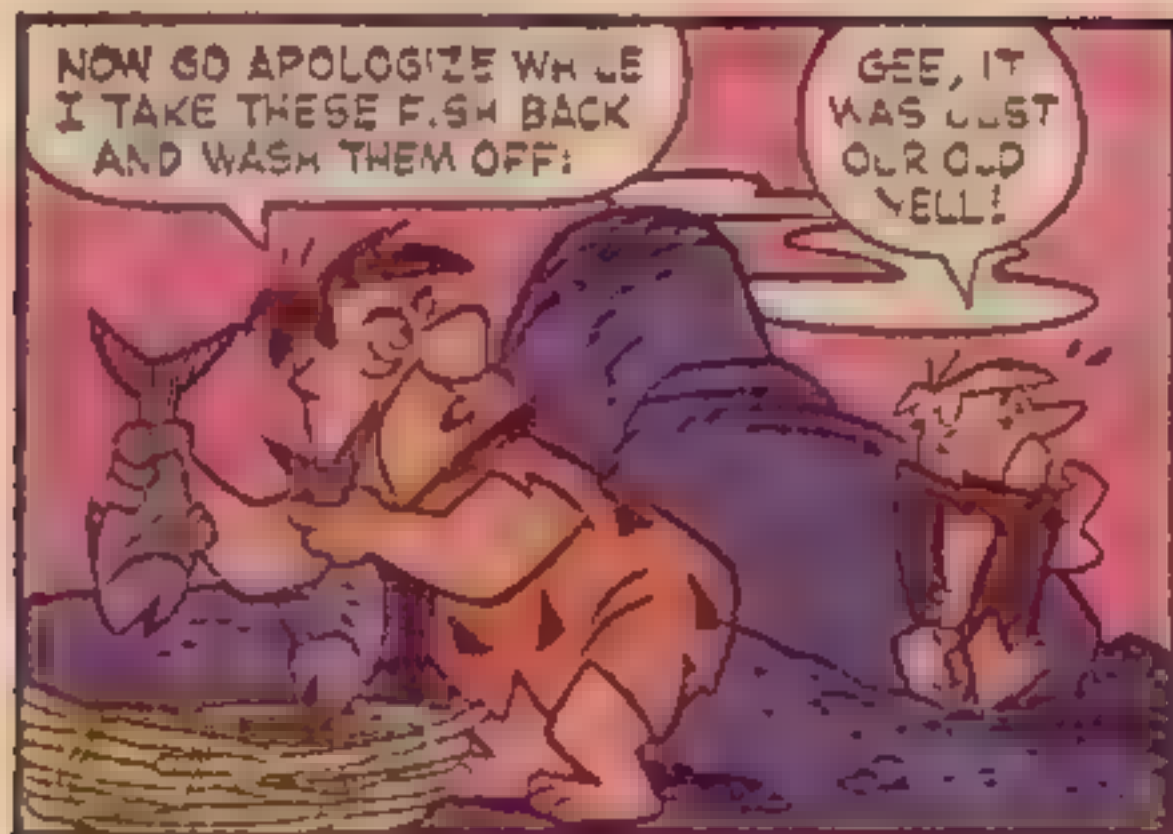




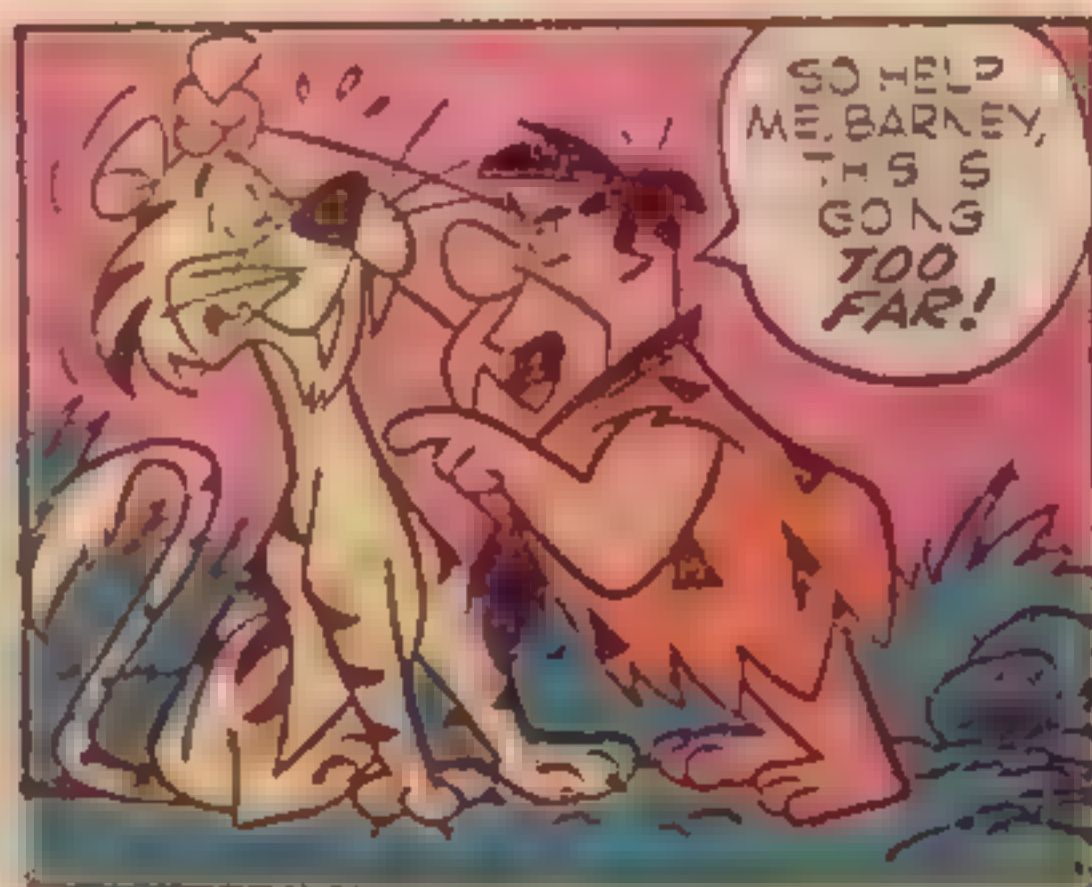
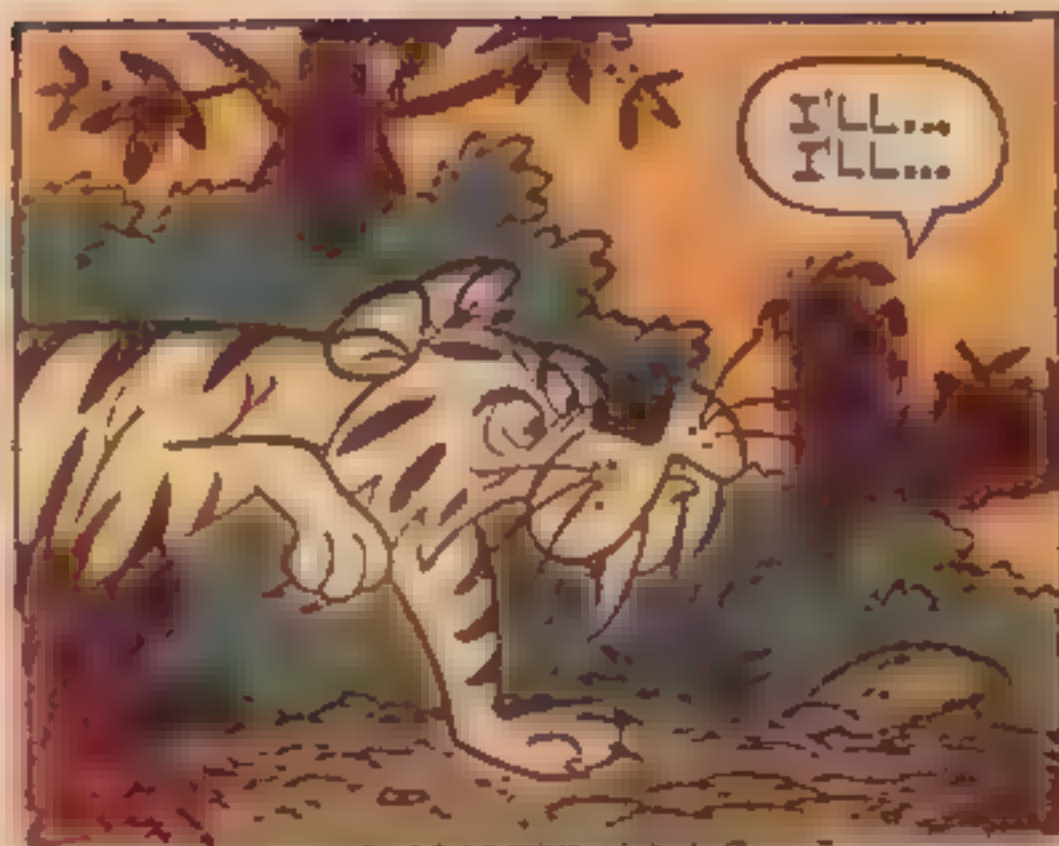
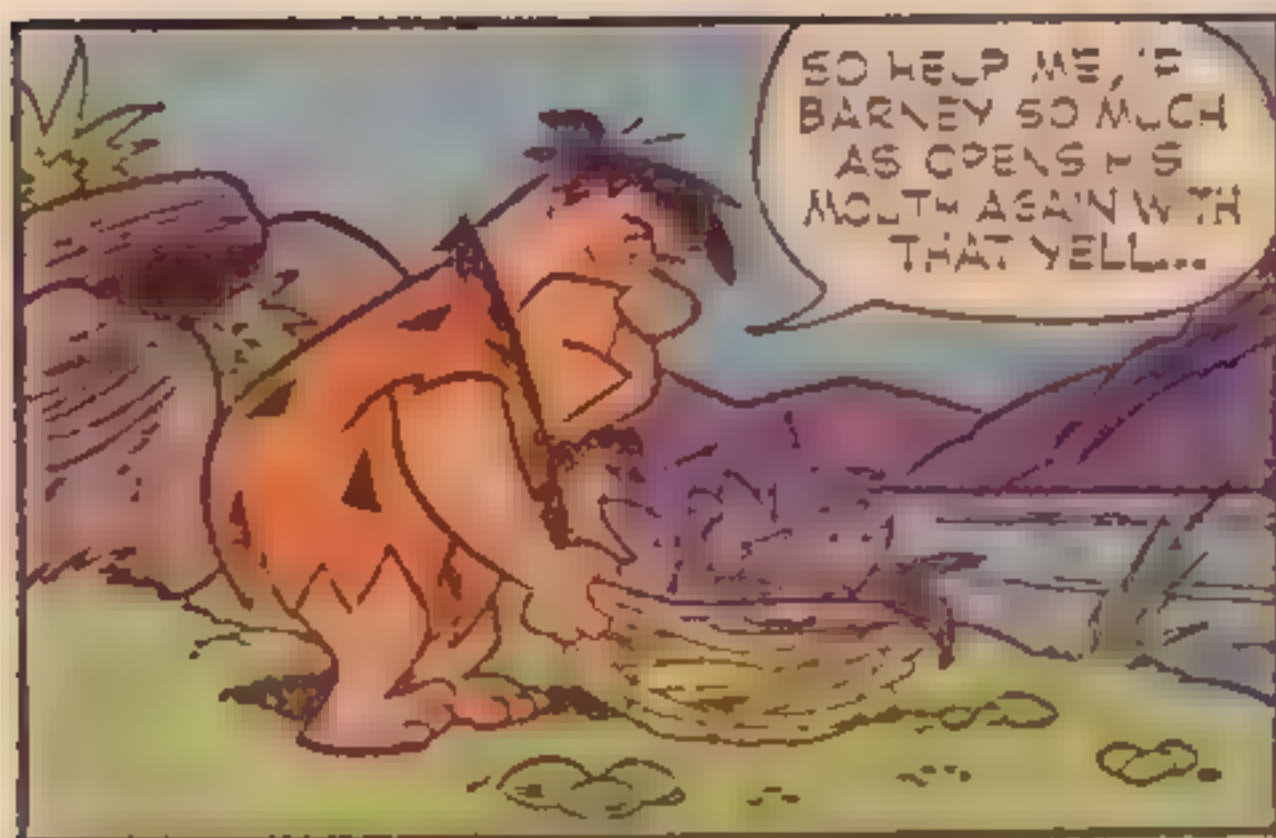




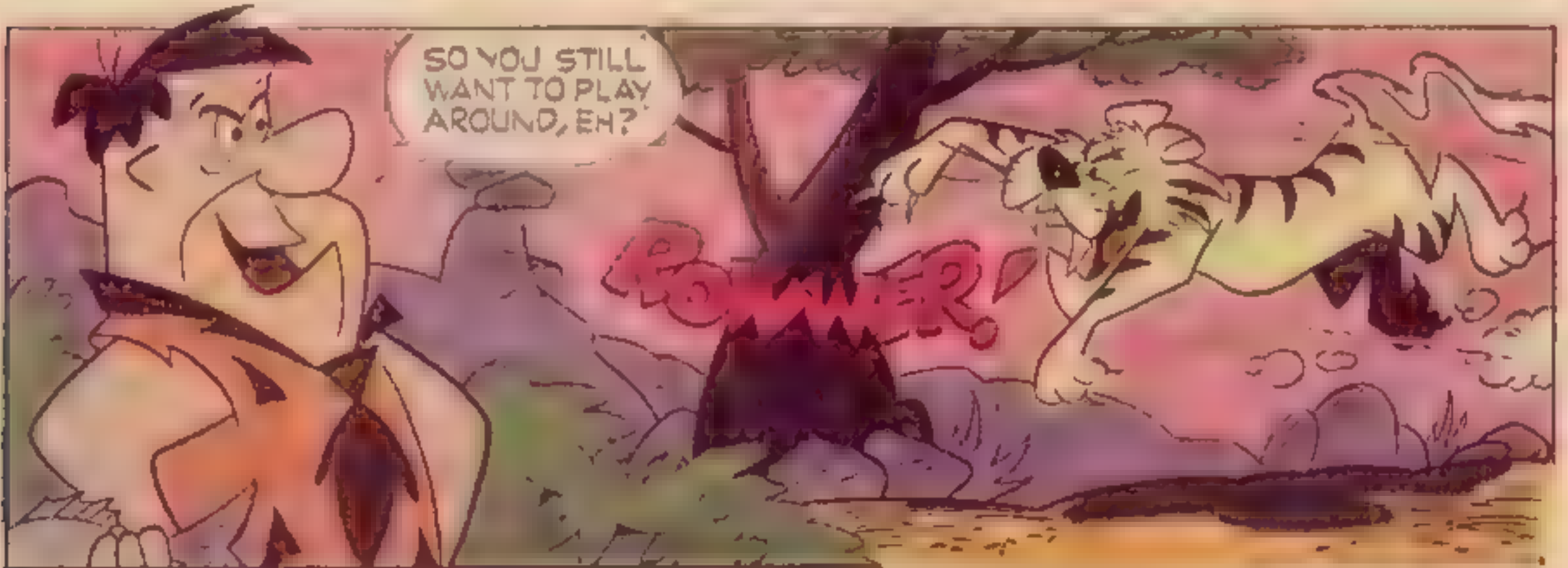
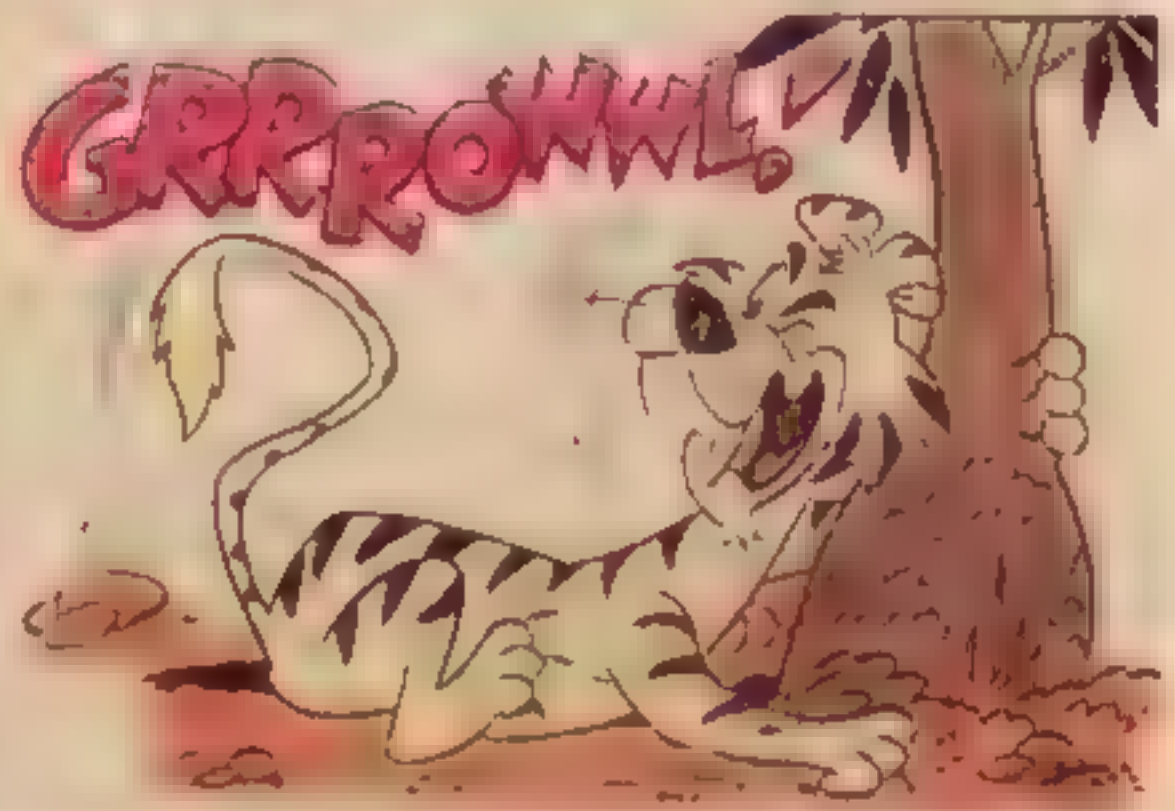
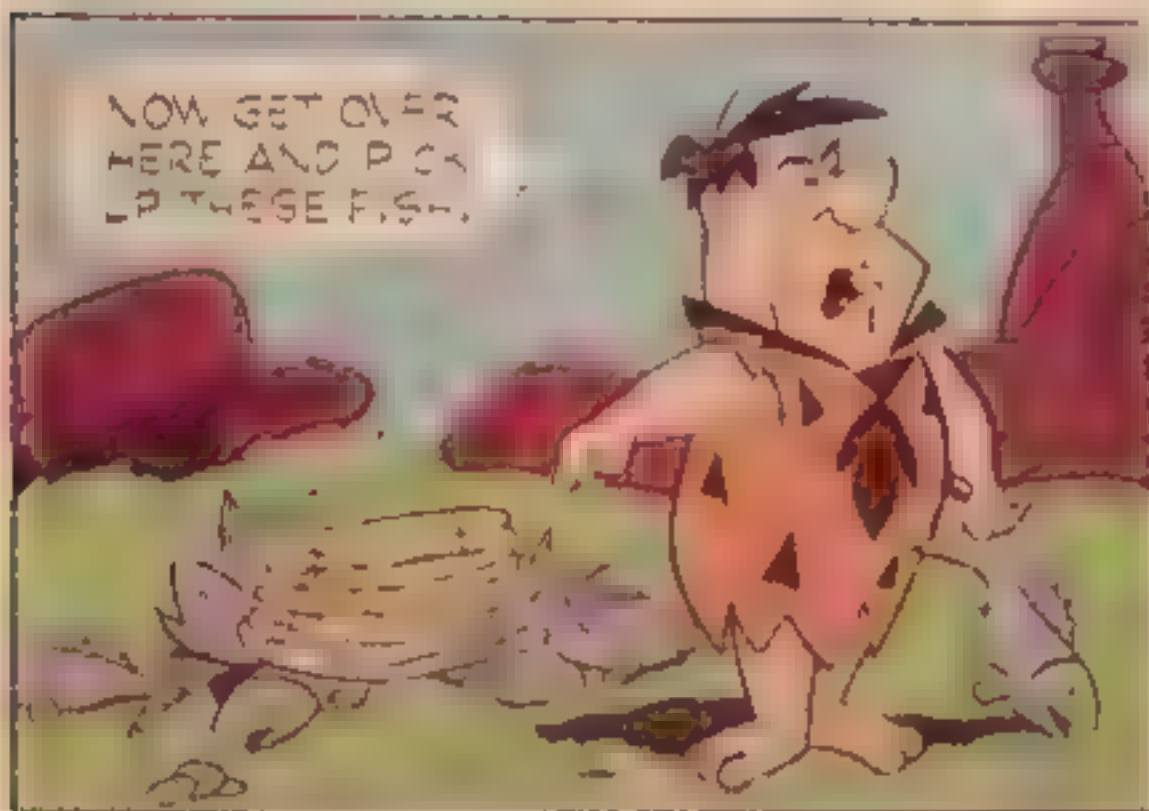
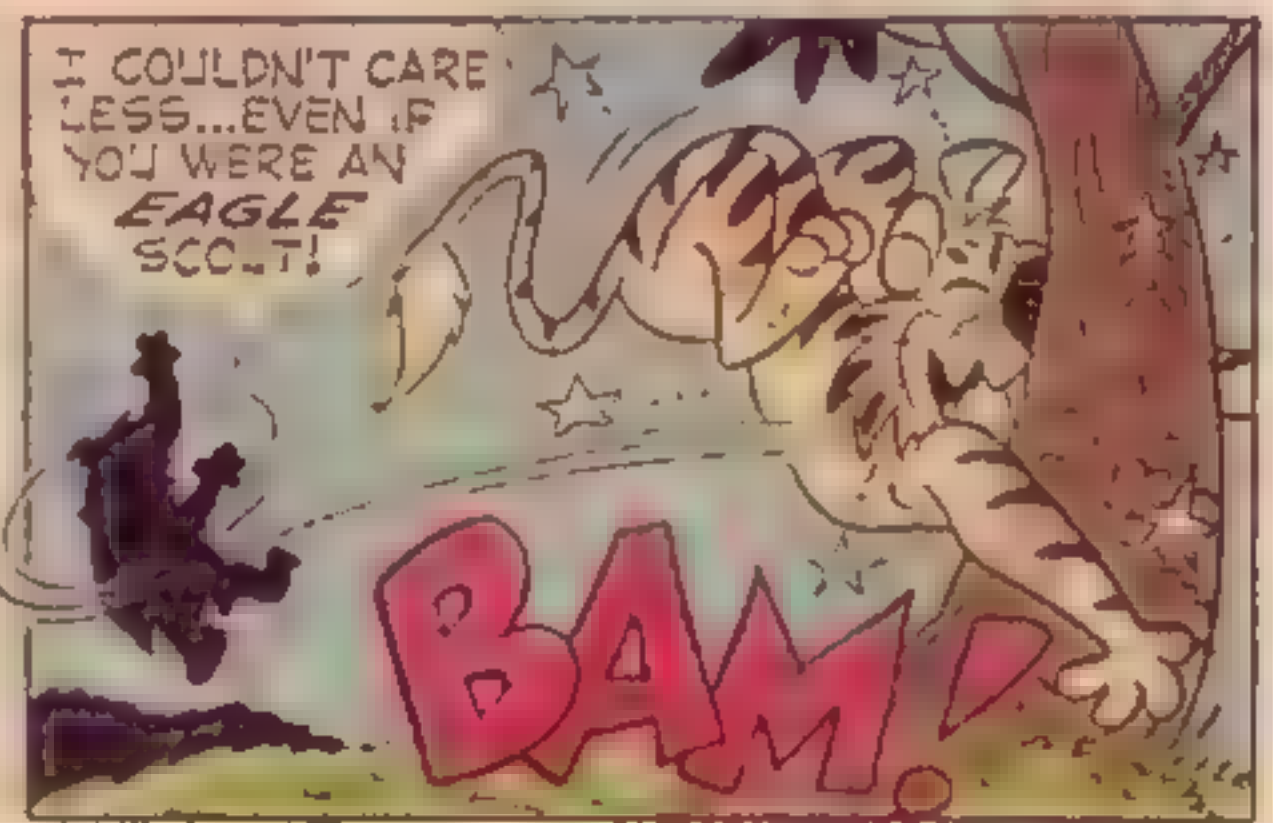
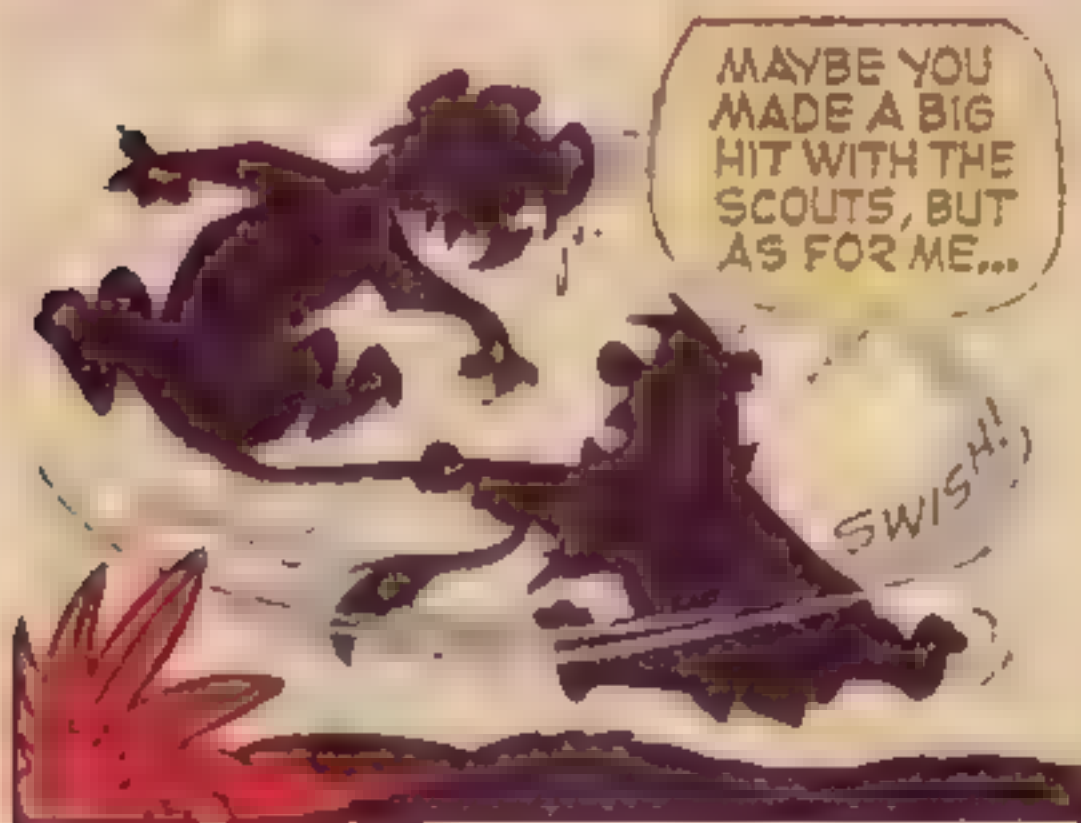
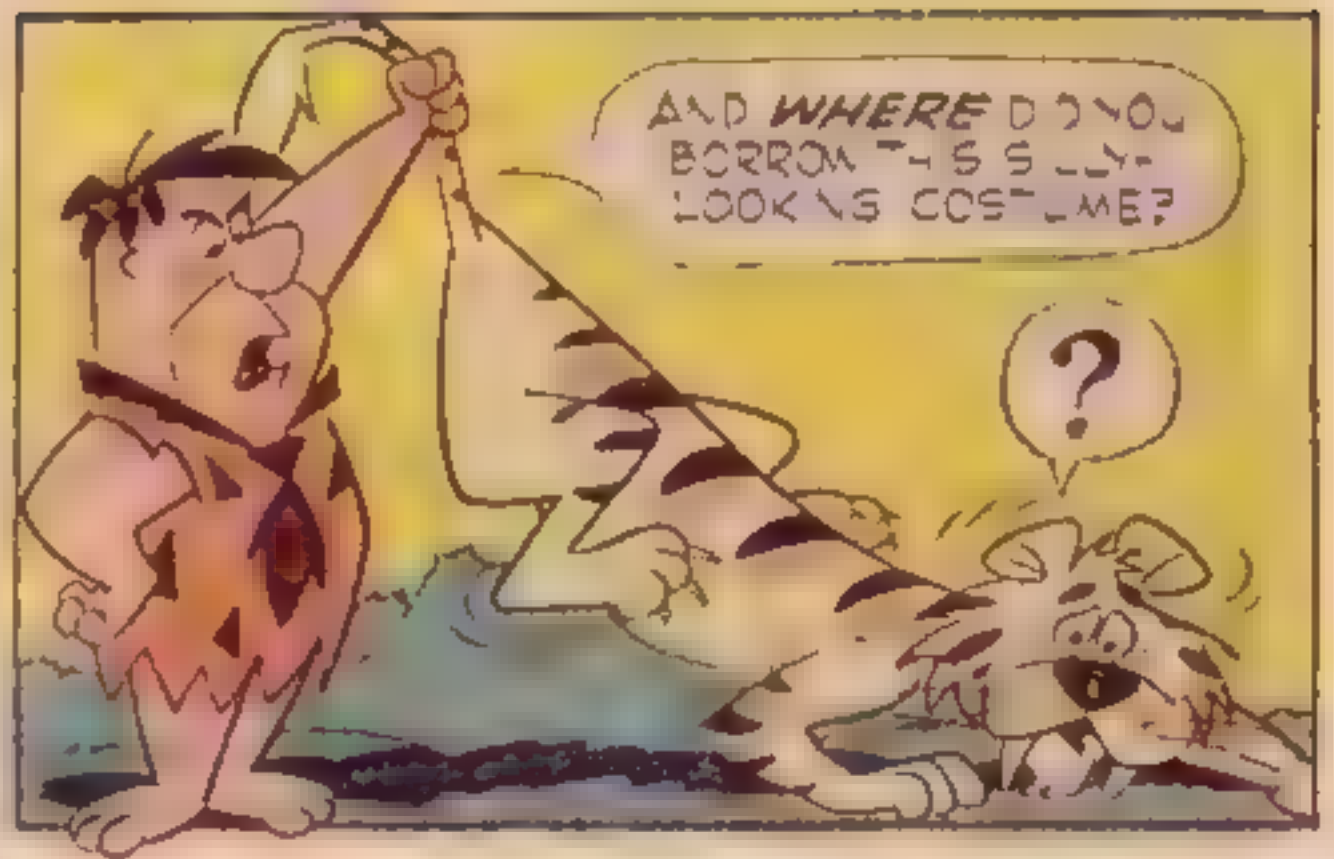
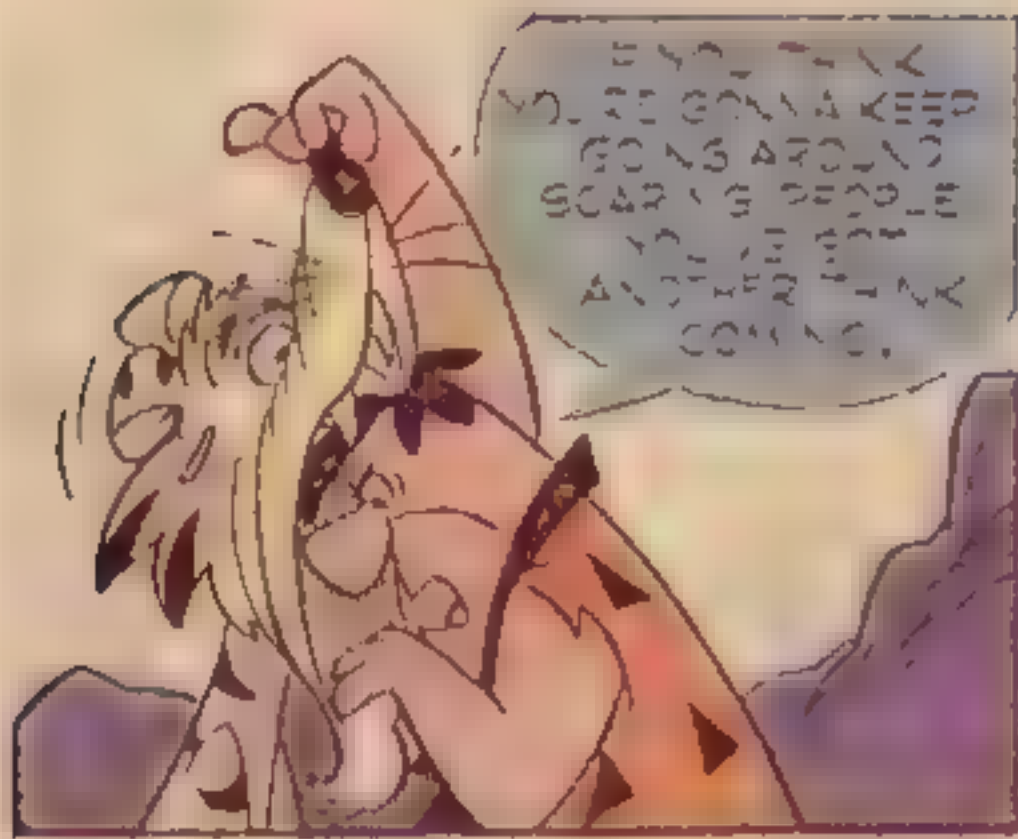




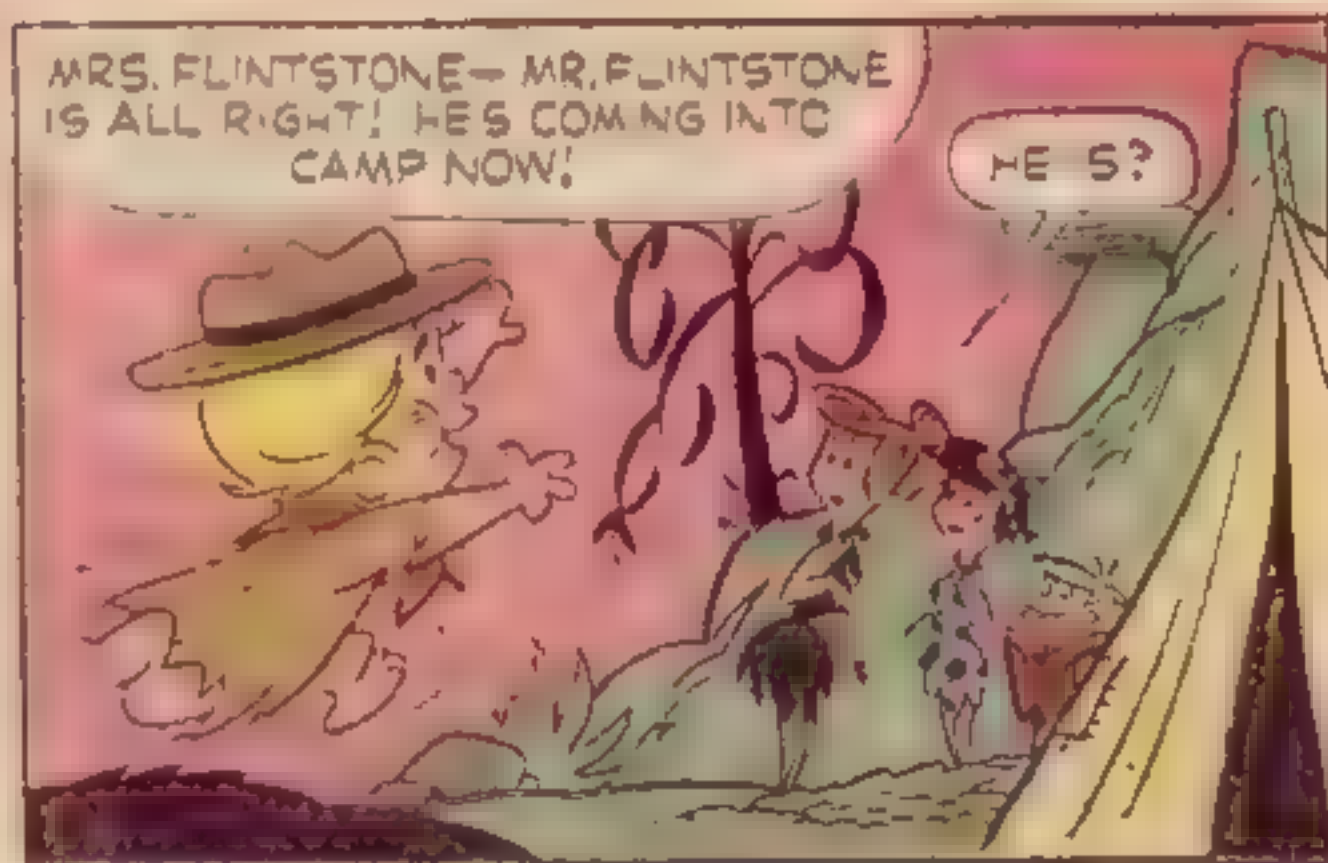
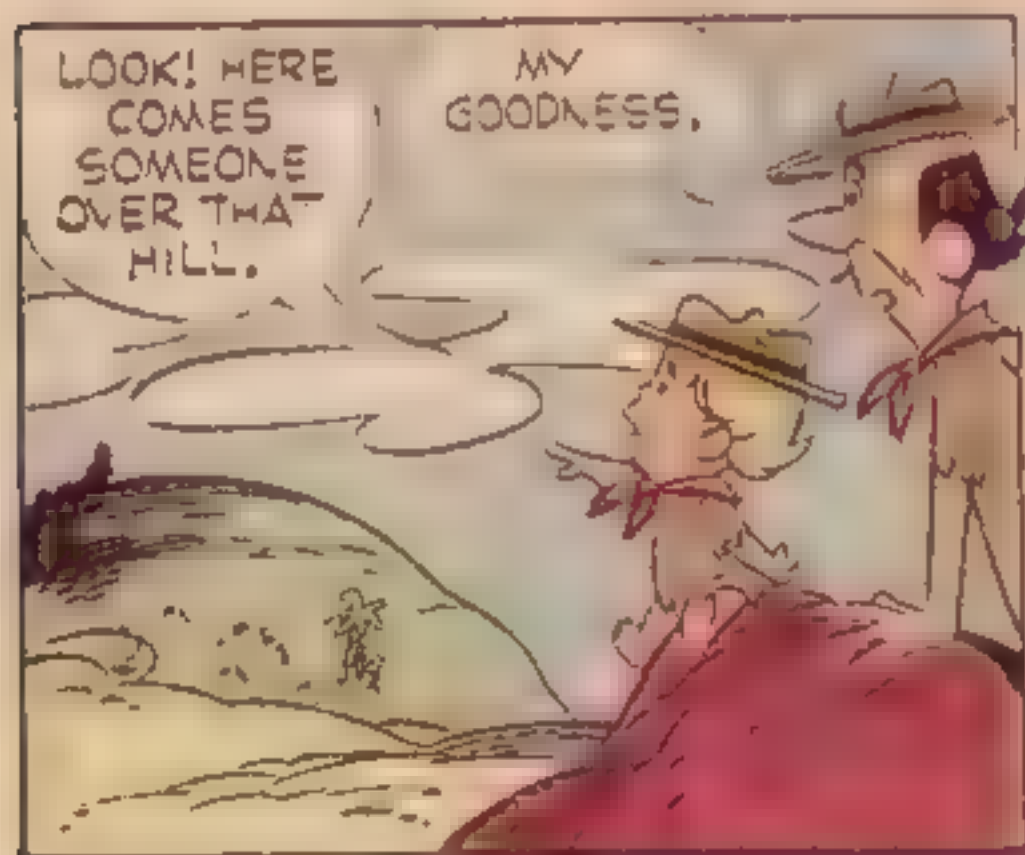
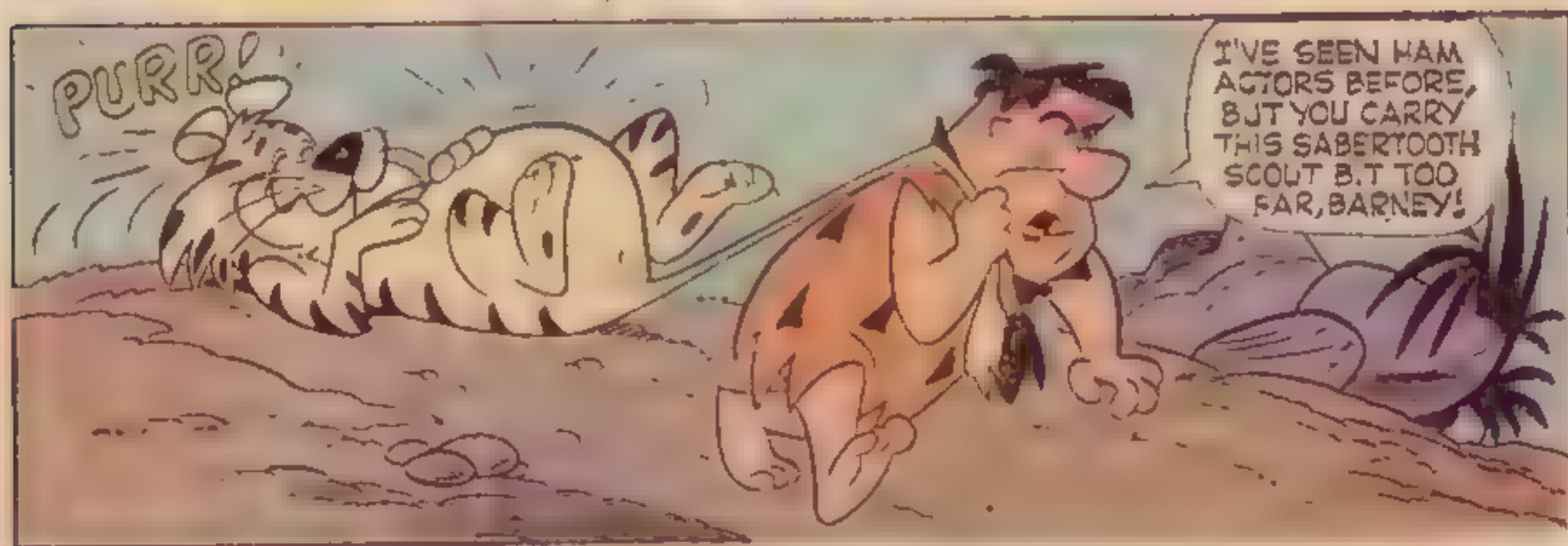
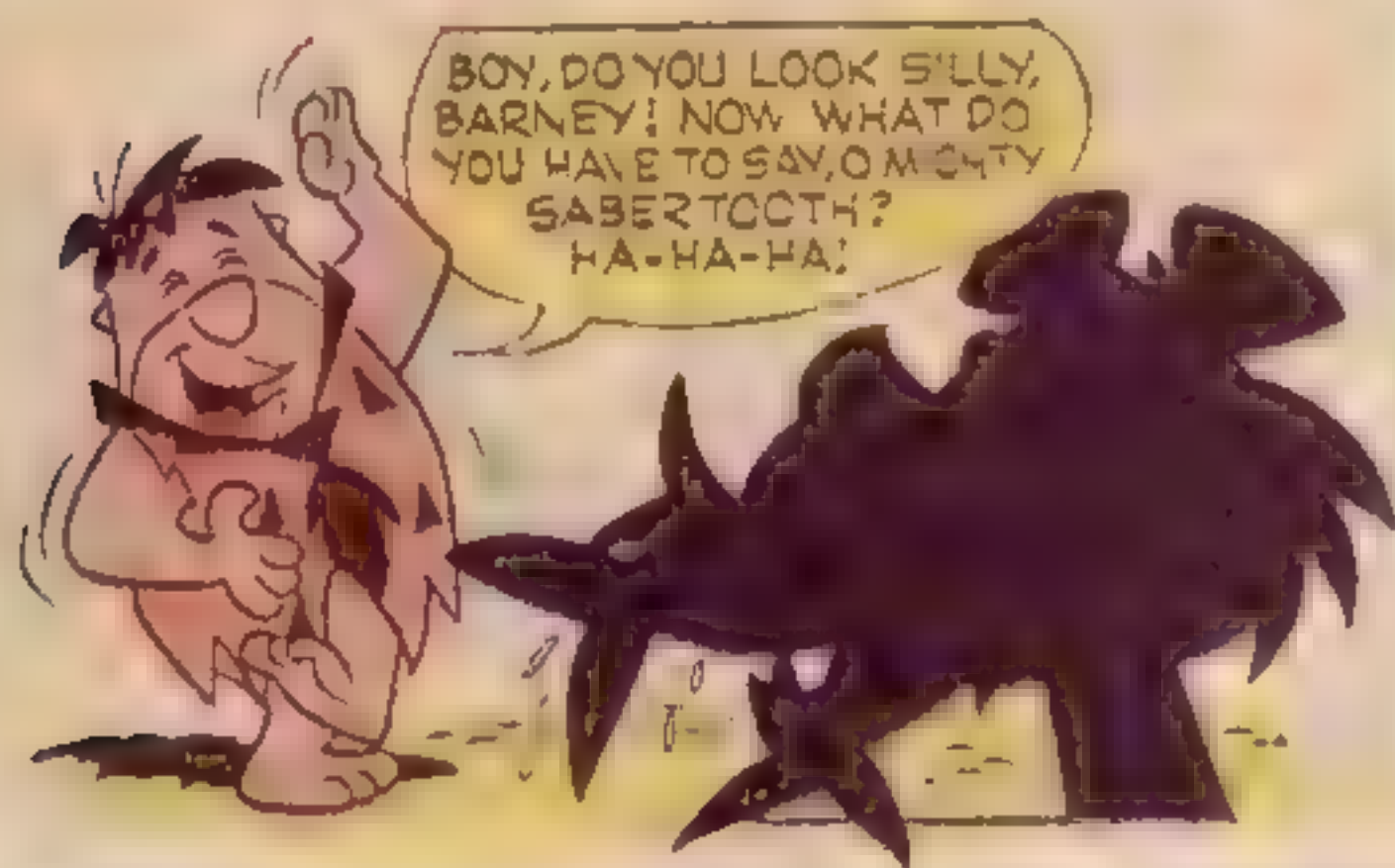
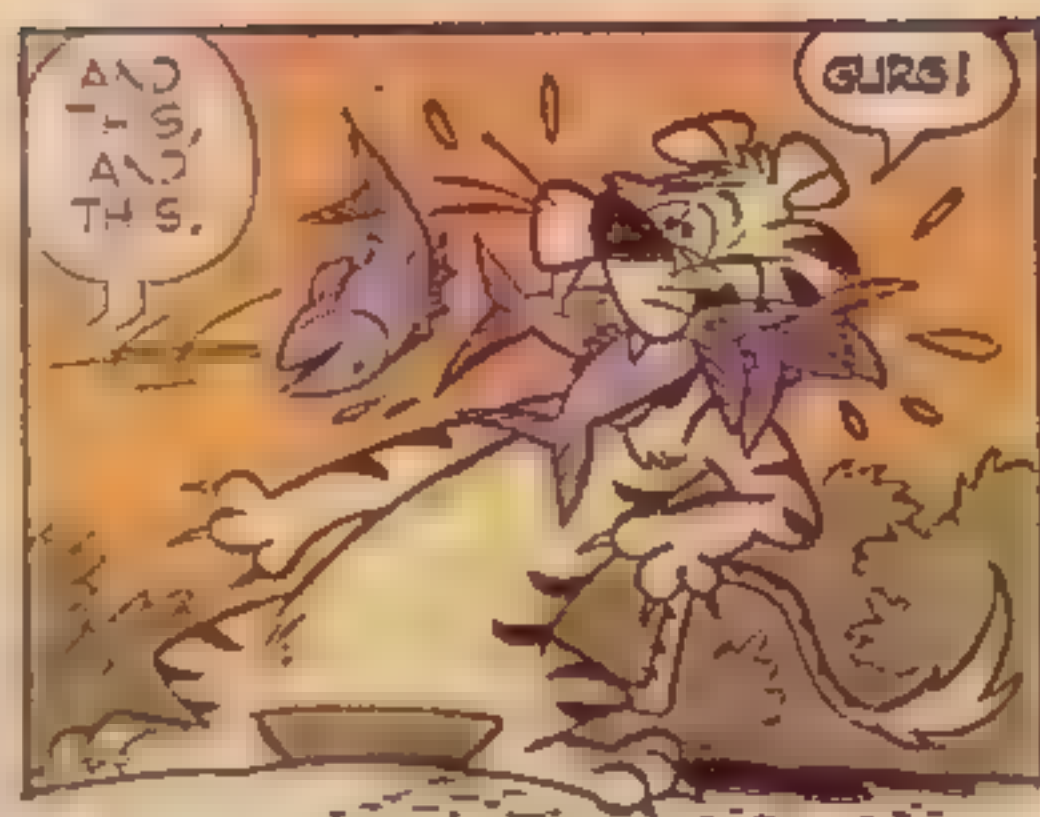
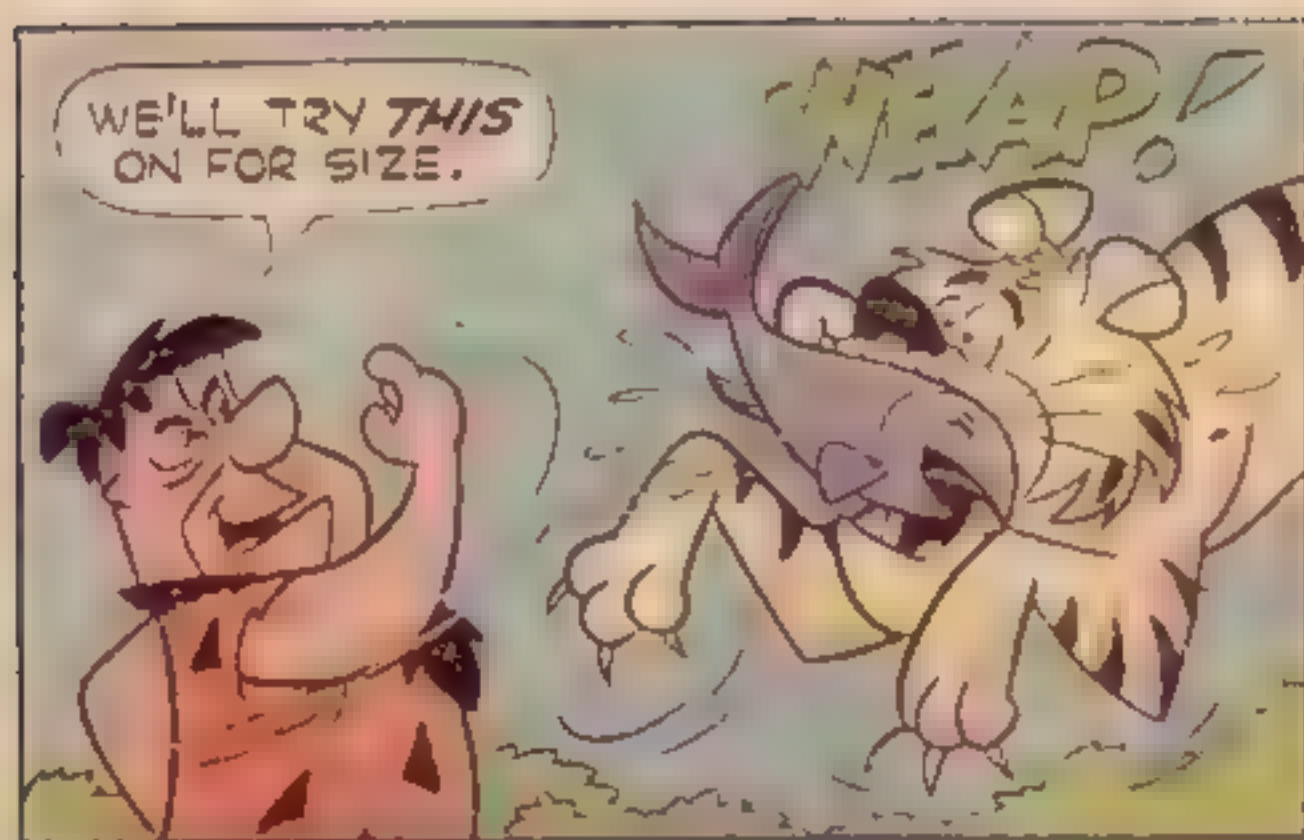




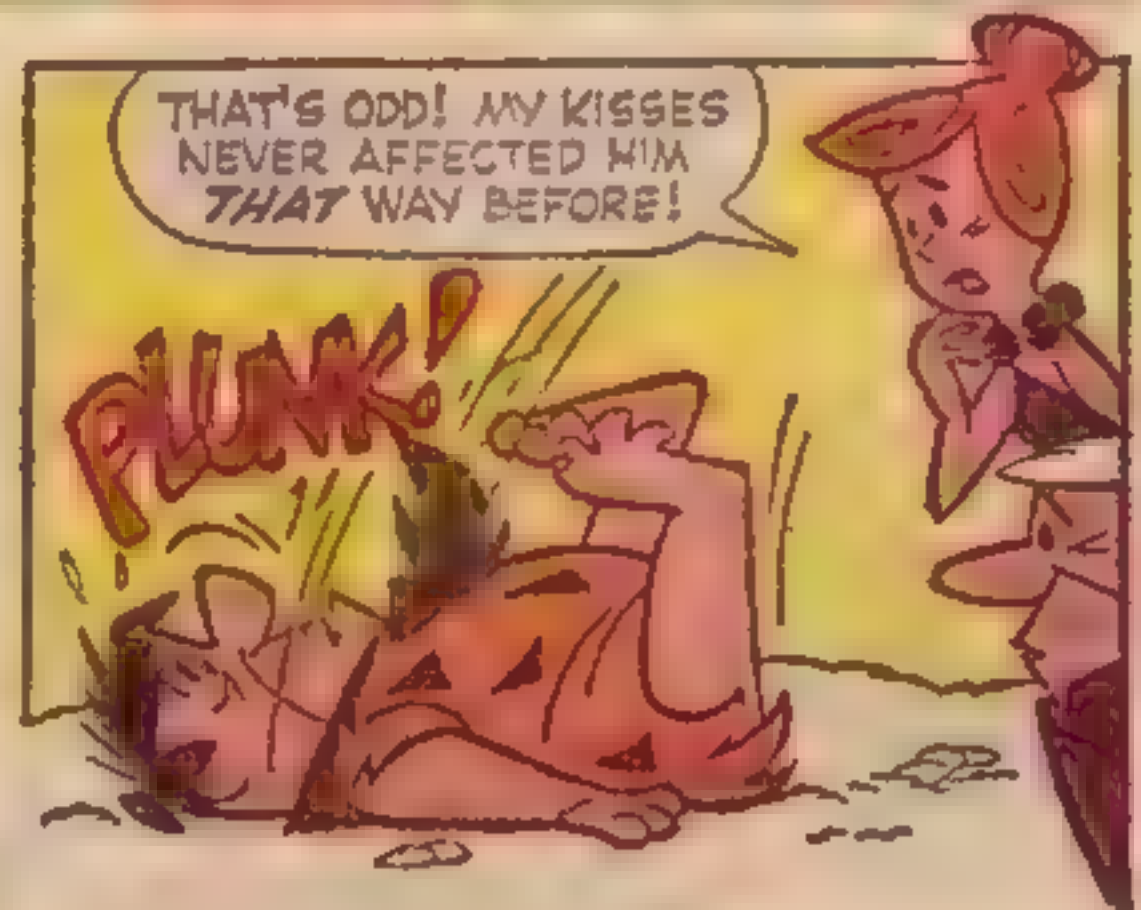
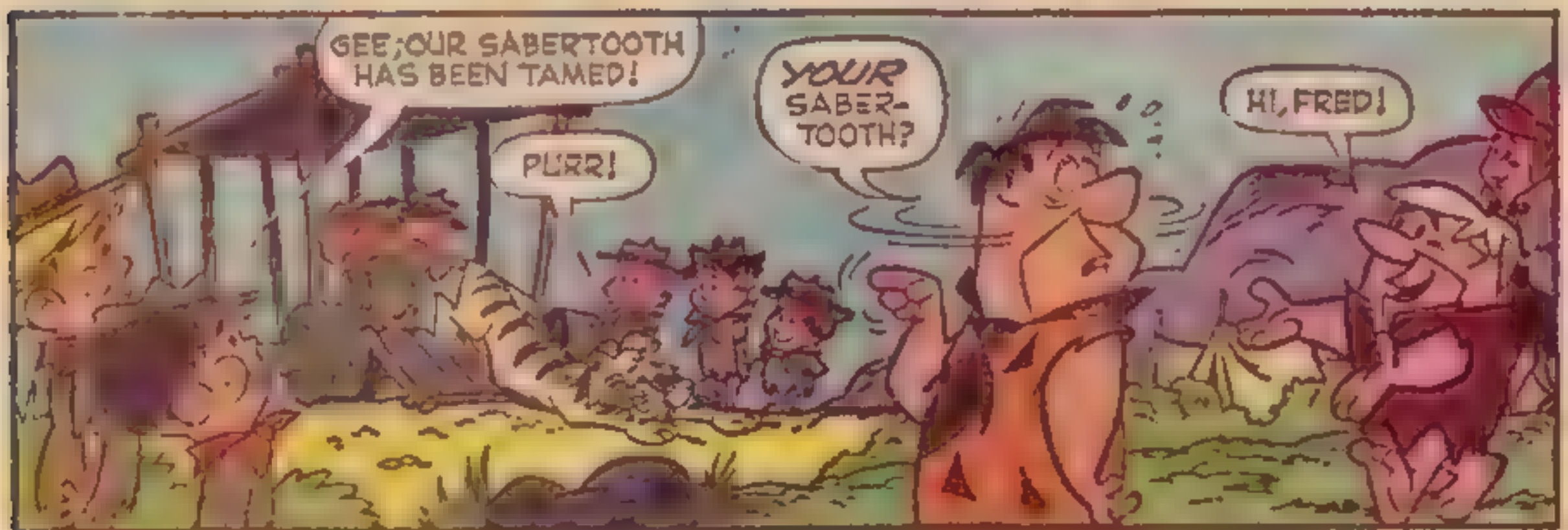
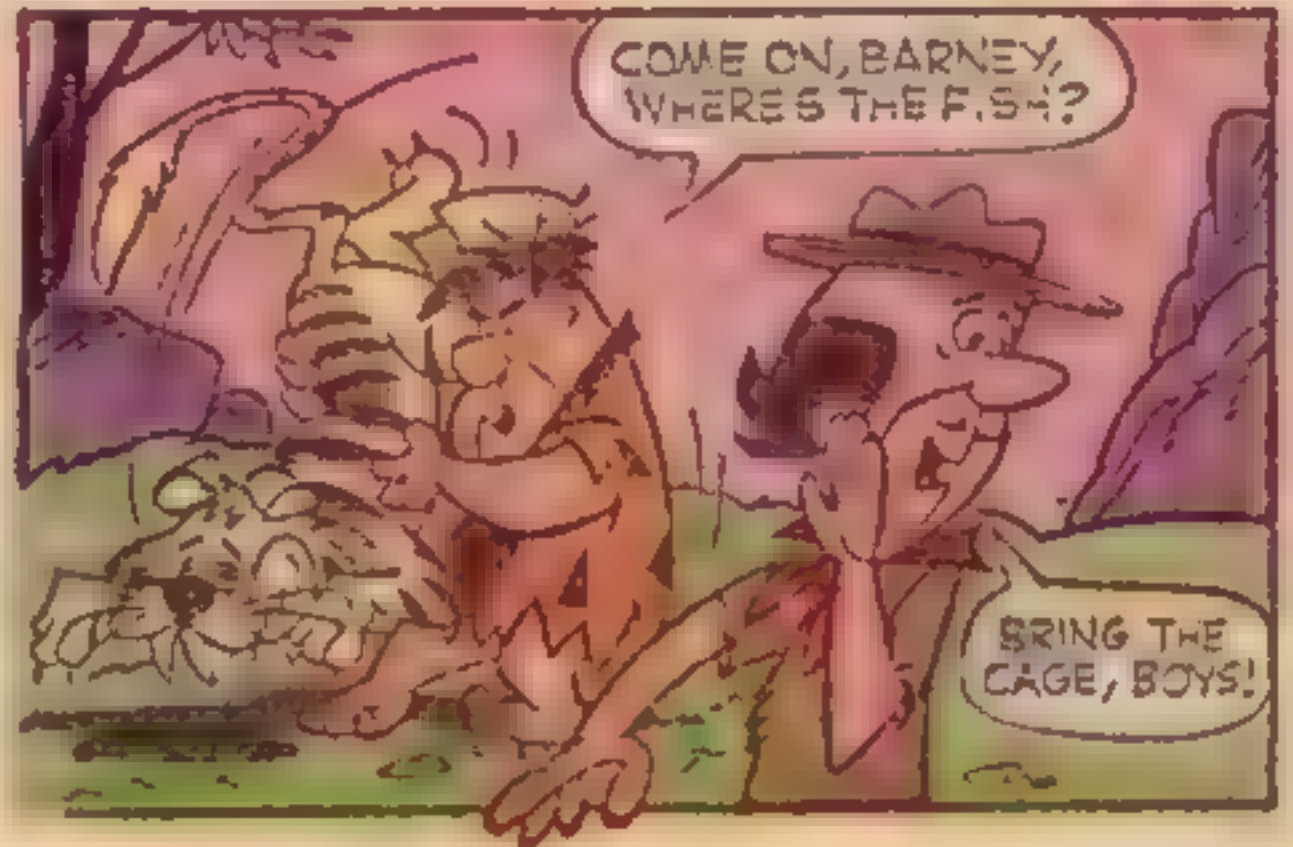
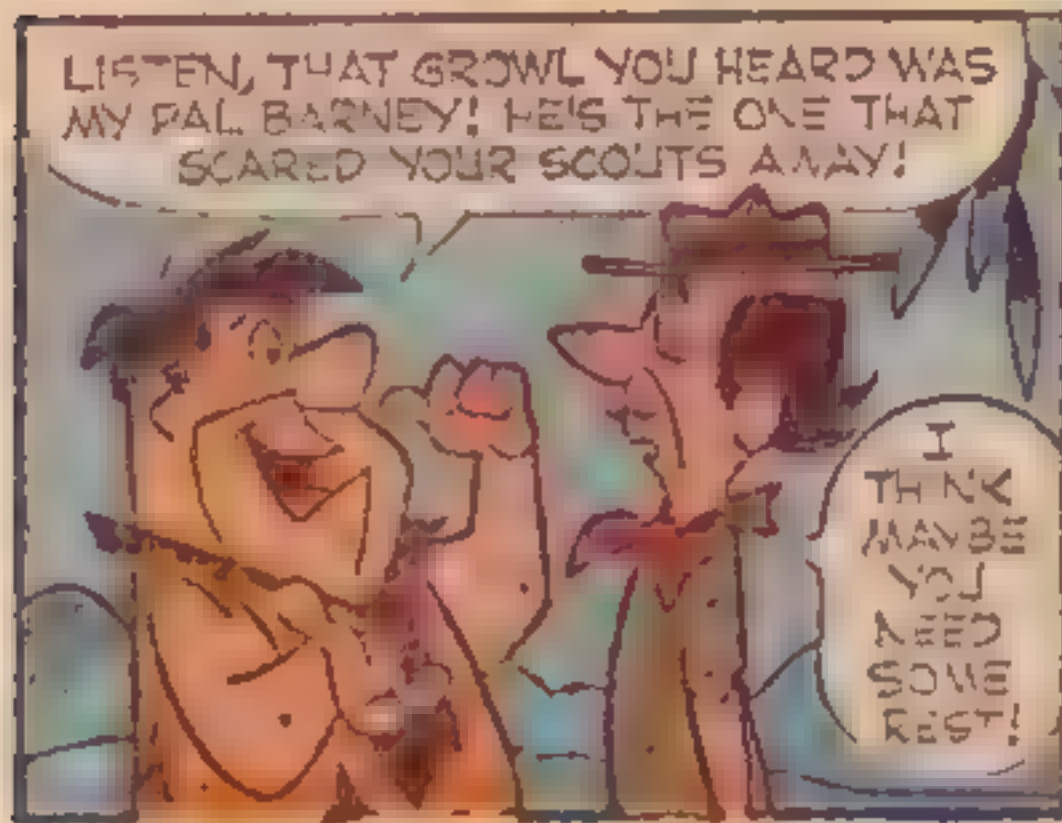
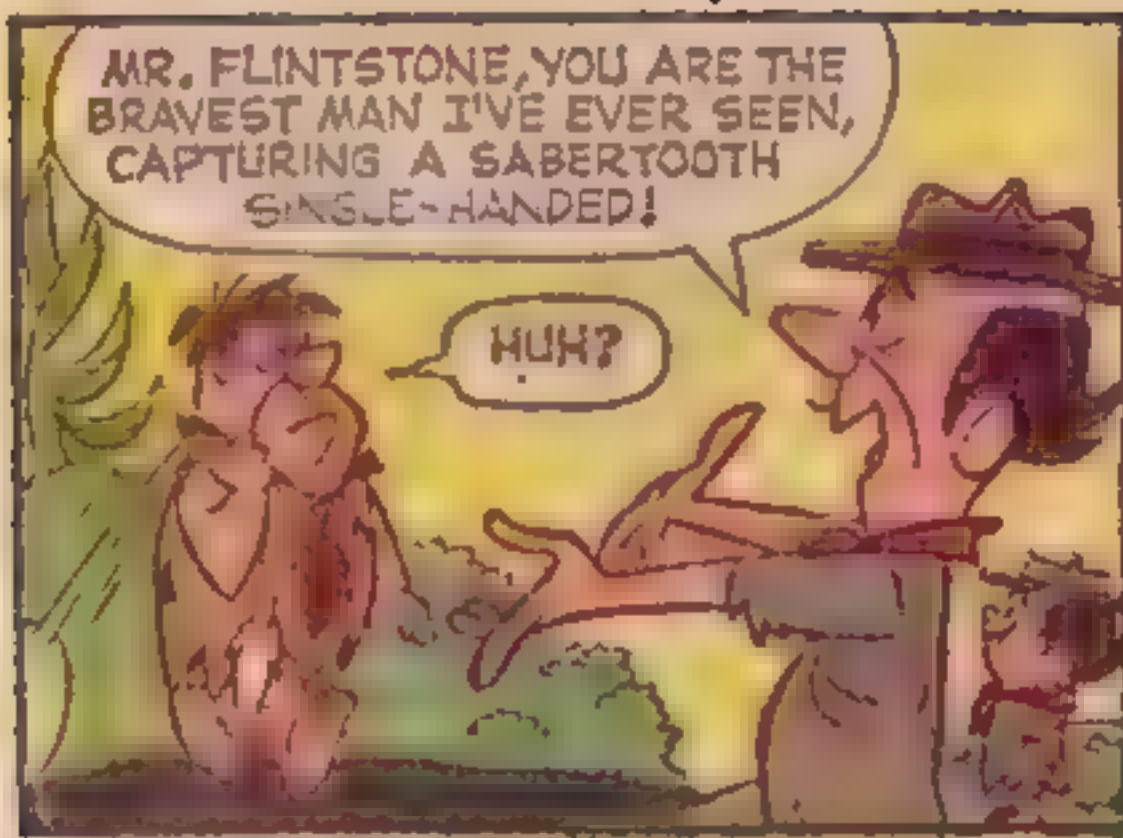




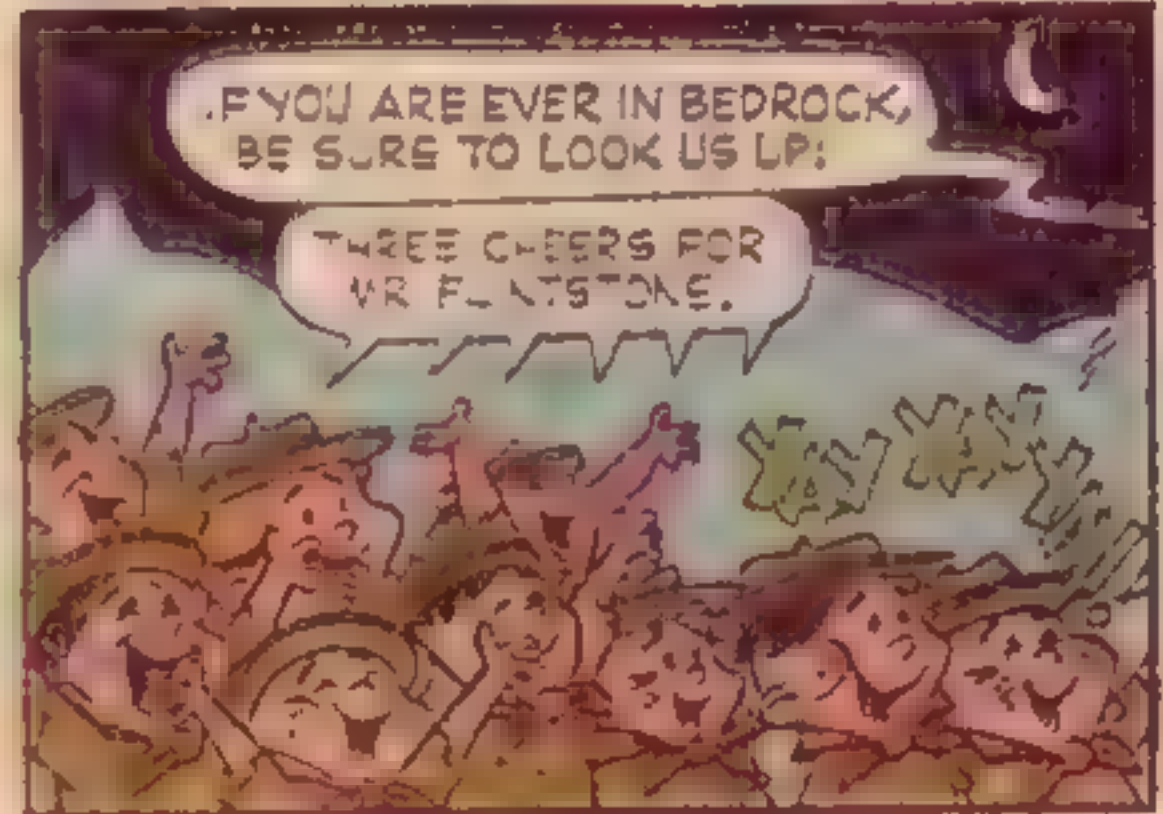
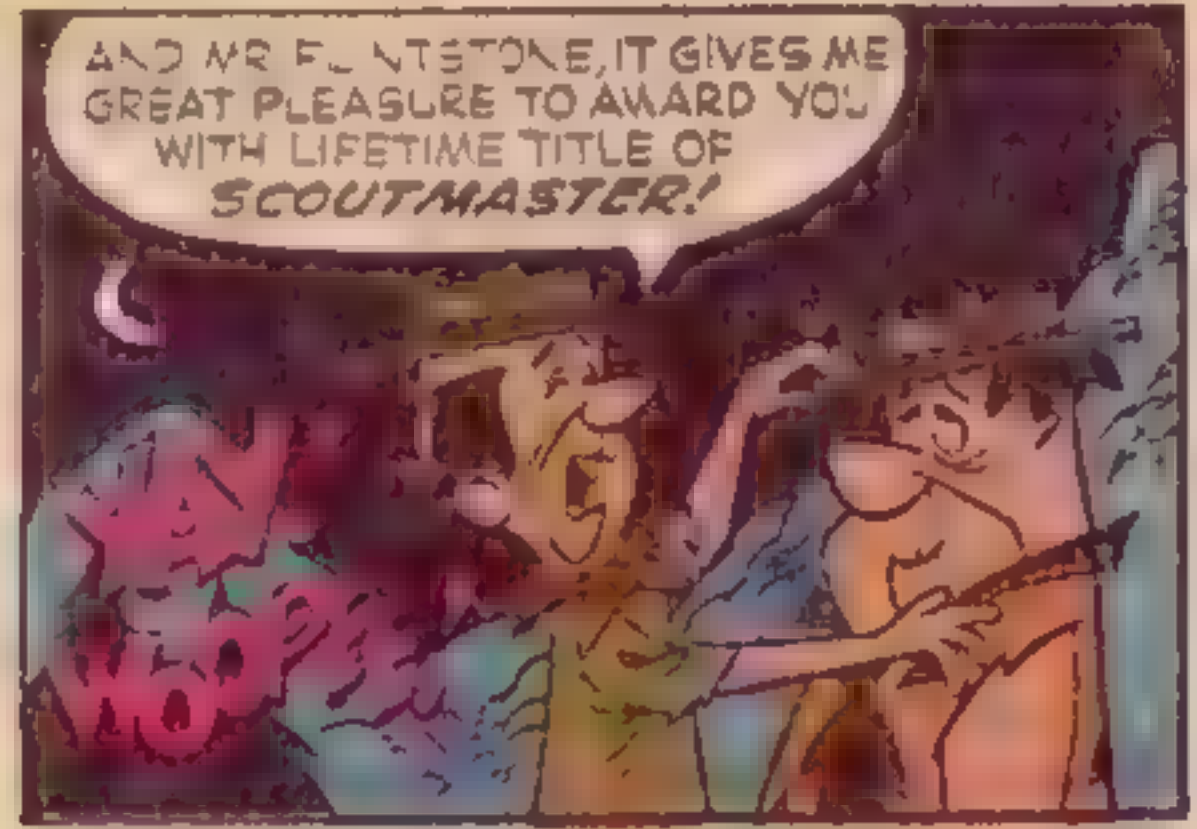




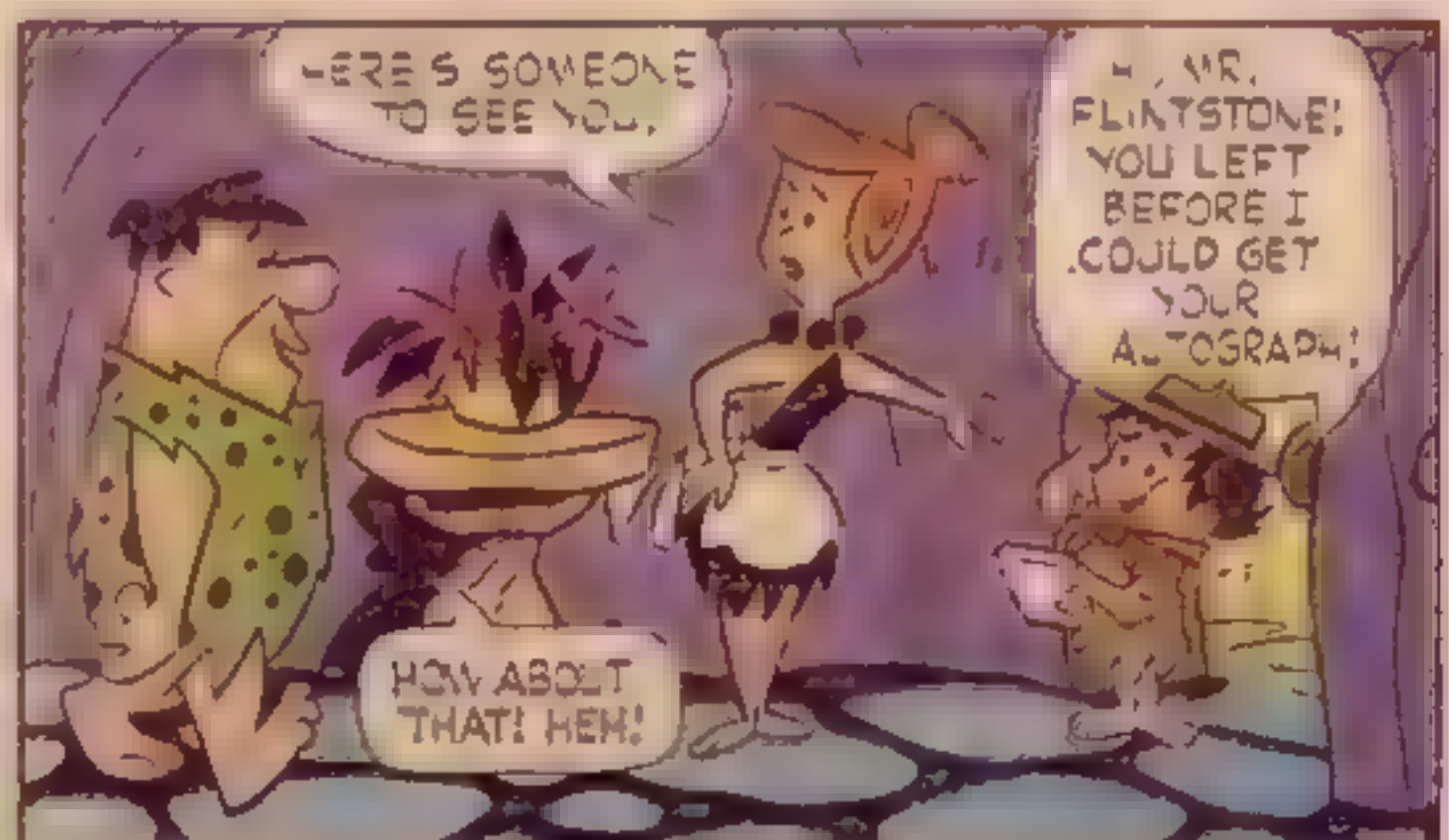
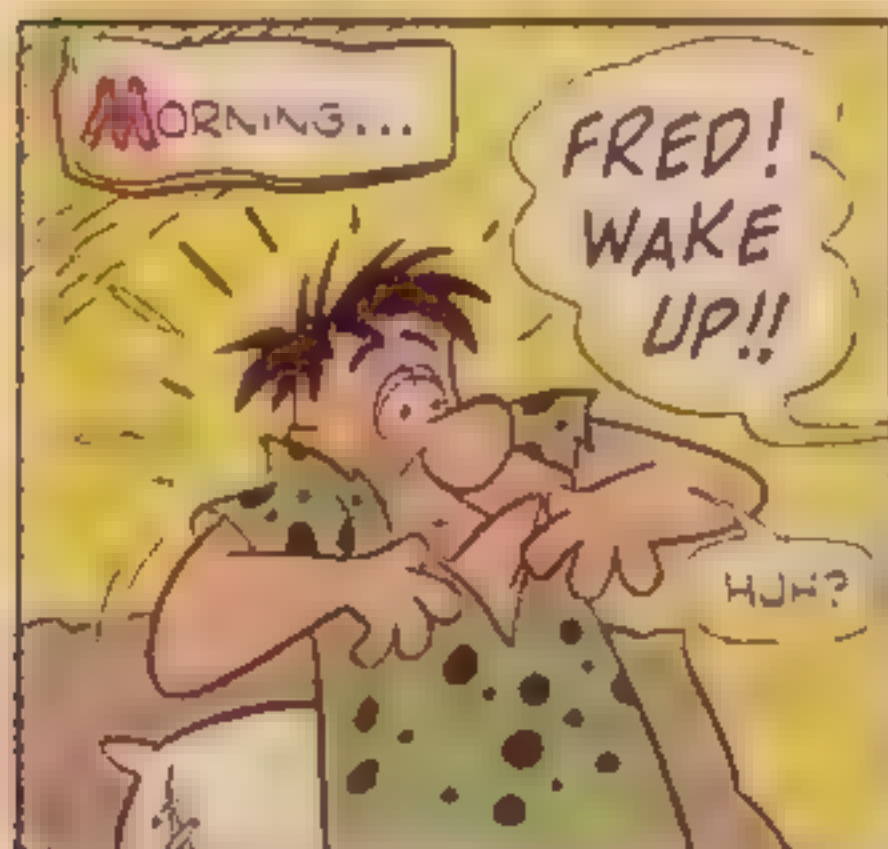
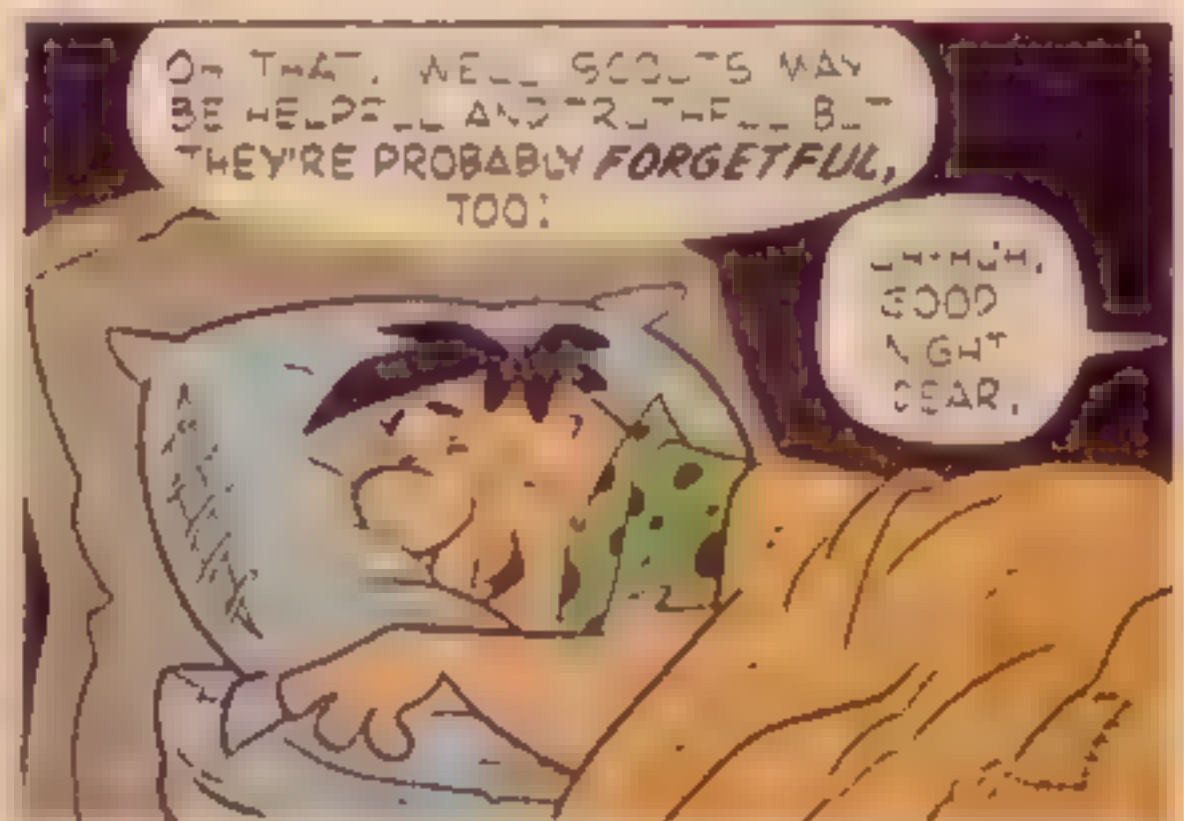
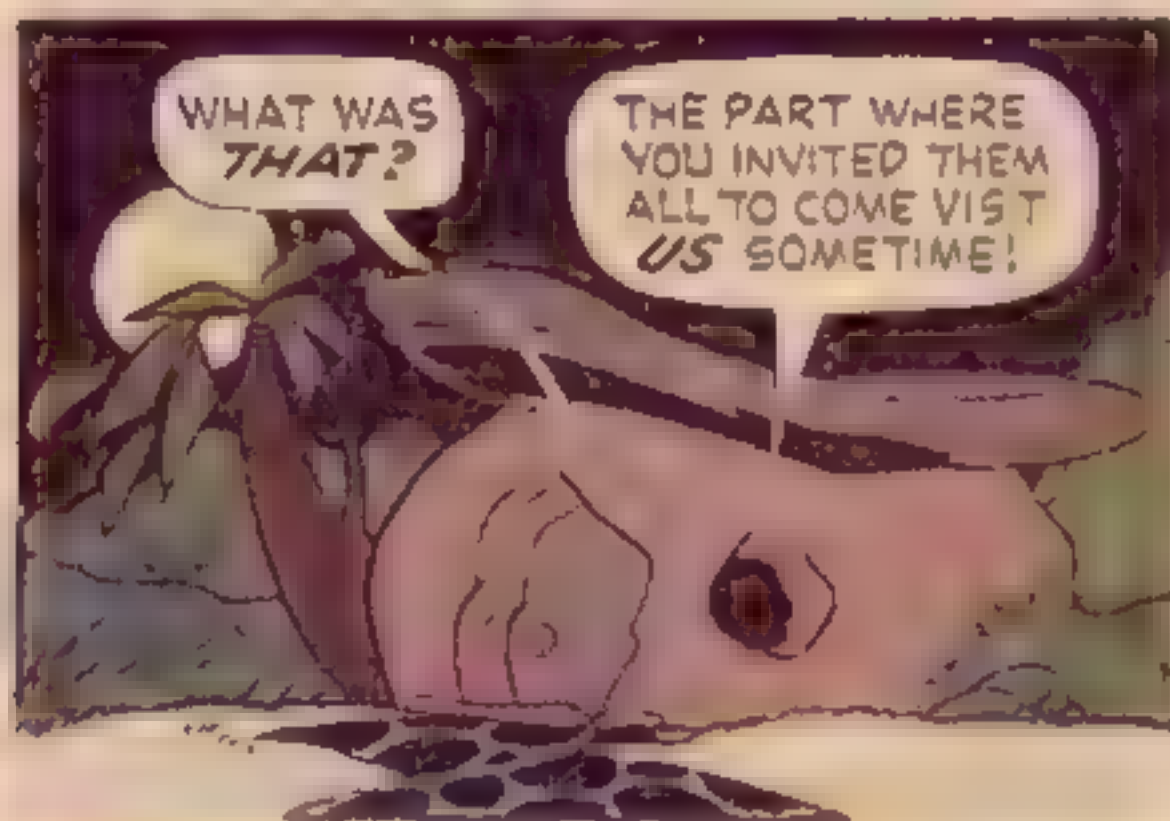
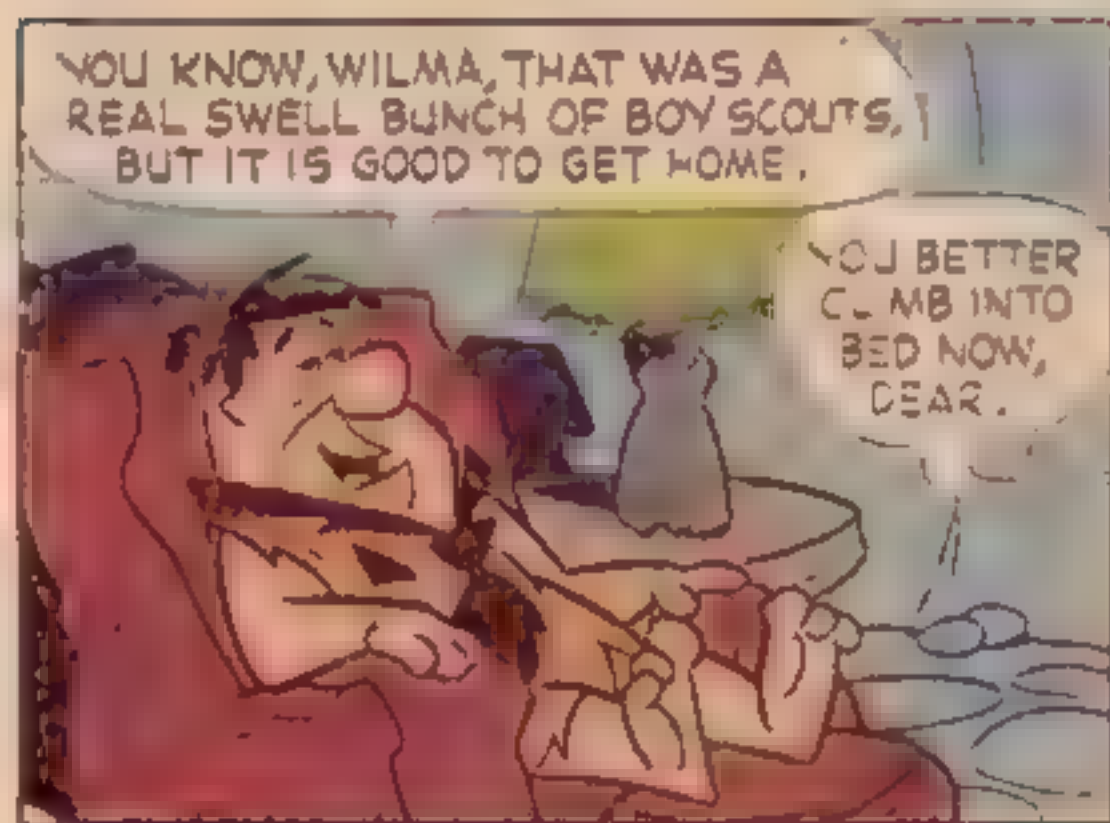
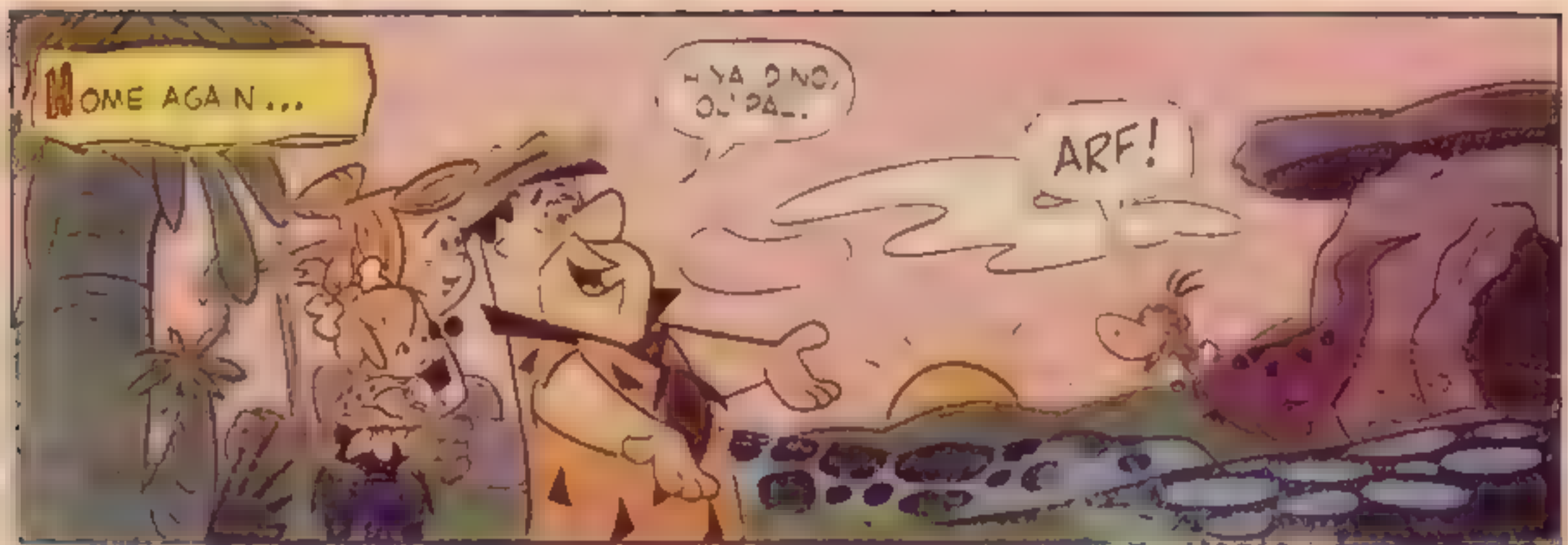




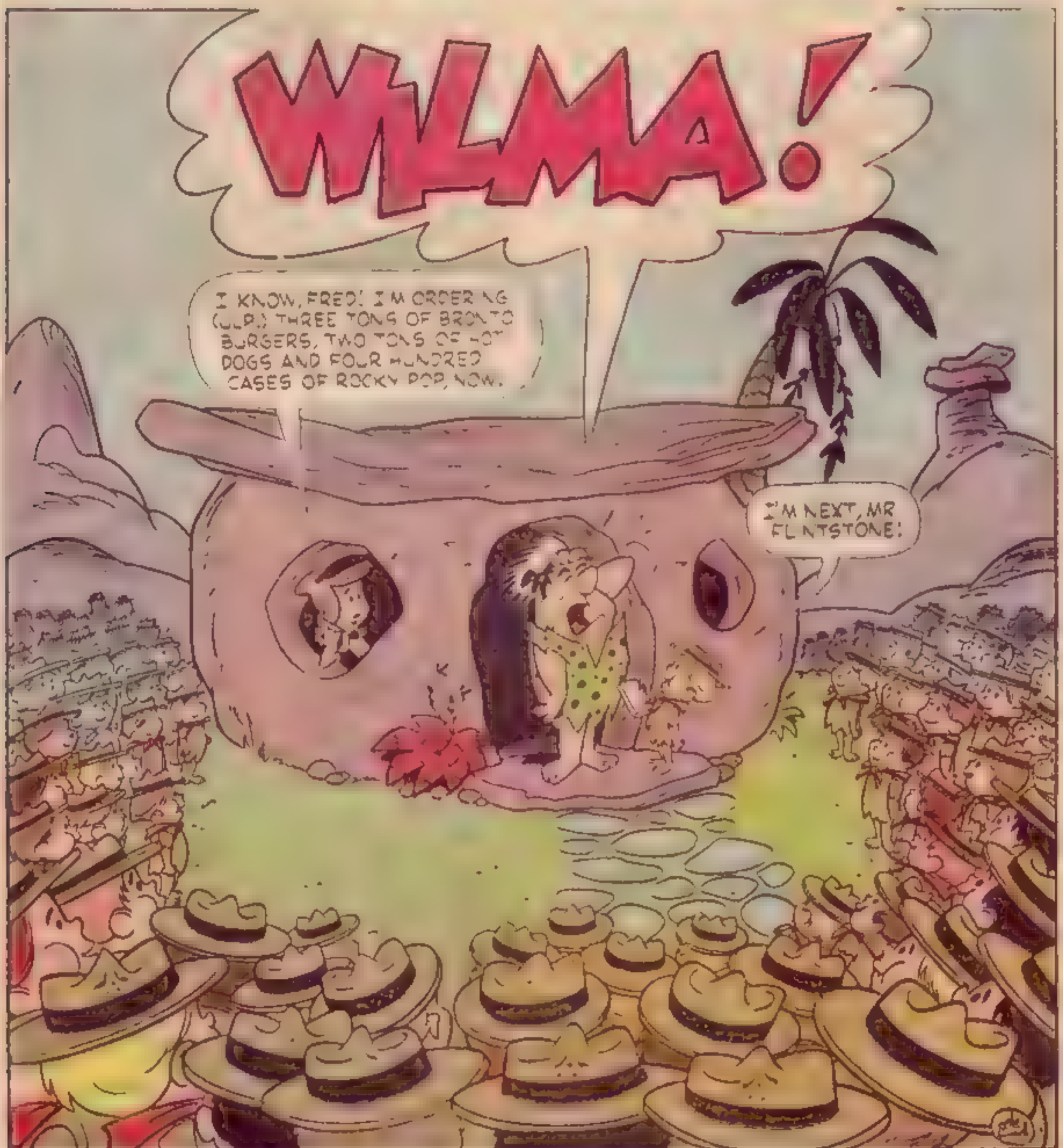
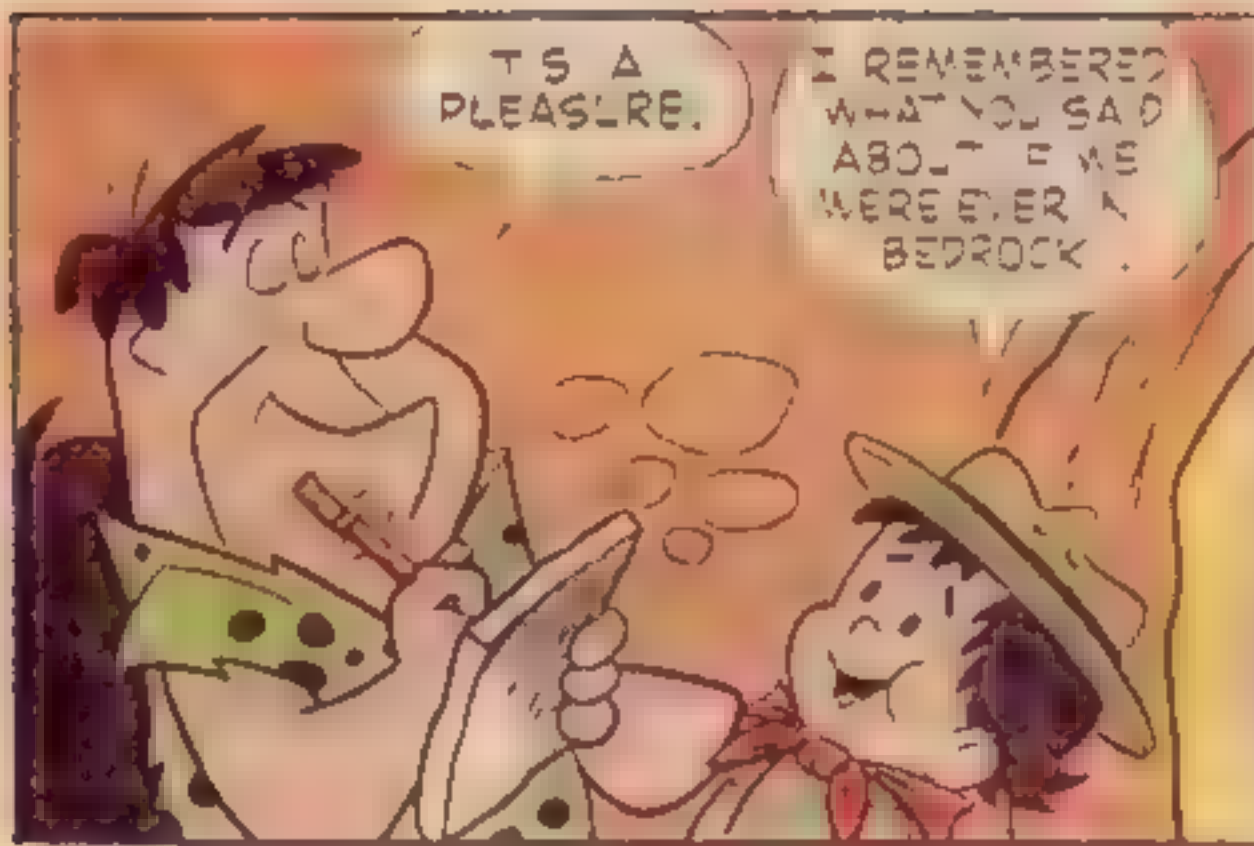














# A HAIR- RAISING CAPER



The door of Perry Gunnite's office burst open and a bald-headed man rushed in.

"I've been robbed," he screamed. "Help! Do something!"

"Well, why don't you see a detective?" Perry asked. Then he remembered he was a detective. (Perry's sharp that way.) "Oh, I forgot...I am a detective. Sit down," Perry said, "and tell me what was stolen."

"My hair! I'm a traveling wig salesman," the man explained, "and a thief stole all the wigs in my sample case. He even took the wig off my head!"

"There's nothing worse than a lid-lifter. I'll go out and nab him right now," Perry exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

The salesman said he'd wait in the office until the case was solved; so Perry left immediately to look for the toupee thief.

Later, as Perry was searching the city for clues, he saw something suspicious...a man robbing another man at gunpoint!

Perry made a flying tackle and the man went down...the only trouble is, it was the wrong man. Perry wasn't much at tackling. He never made the football team in school.

"You idiot!" screamed the victim. "You let him get away! He stole all my money."

"Don't worry," answered Perry. "I'll find him. I couldn't miss that bushy head of red hair anyplace. I'll look for him at the same time I'm solving my other case."

The search went on. Perry never gave up the hunt...except to stop for an occasional soda, read the paper, take in a movie, and have a hamburger. Otherwise, he worked hard all day. In the late afternoon, he saw another man being held up.

"Aha! This city is having a crime wave!" Perry said to himself. "There's another hold-up. And it's not even the same guy...this robber has blond hair."

Perry quietly crept into the alley where the robbery was taking place and quietly knocked over three trash cans and stepped on a cat's tail.

In all the noise and confusion, the crook zoomed right by Perry. Our hero made a lunge for the man and swung his fist...but he missed the thief! He did manage to hit the victim, though. When Perry goofs, he really goofs beautifully!

As he helped the robbed man to his feet, Perry figured it all out...the blond man and the redheaded man looked just alike, except for their hair. Obviously, the two thieves were the same man...and he was using the wigs stolen from Perry's client! In other words, this was a one-man crime wave! What's more, Perry was sure he'd seen that face before...If he could only remember where. He went back to his office to sit down and try to remember. Besides, he wasn't feeling very well after all the sodas and burgers. (Being a private eye isn't easy on the tummy.)

When he got back to the office, he remembered where he'd seen the face because he saw it again...the little bald guy! Perry's memory was particularly refreshed because the man had a gun and was counting money.

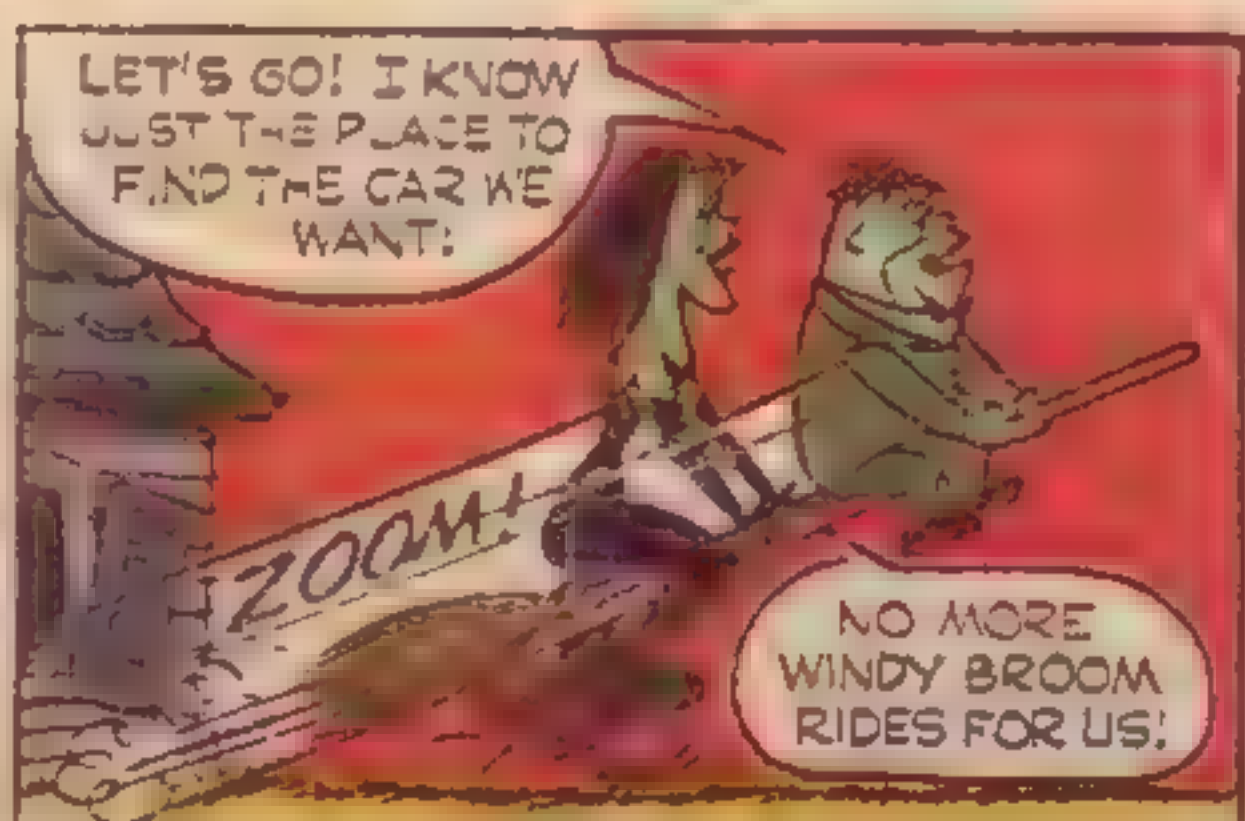
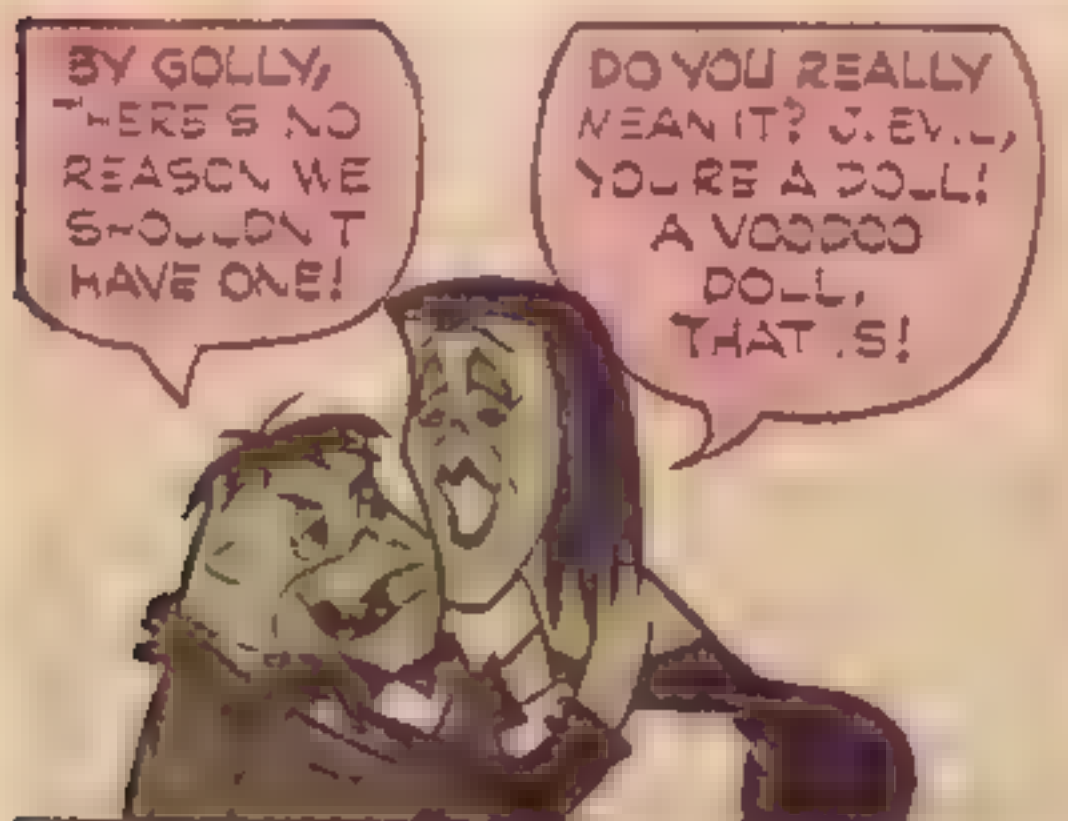
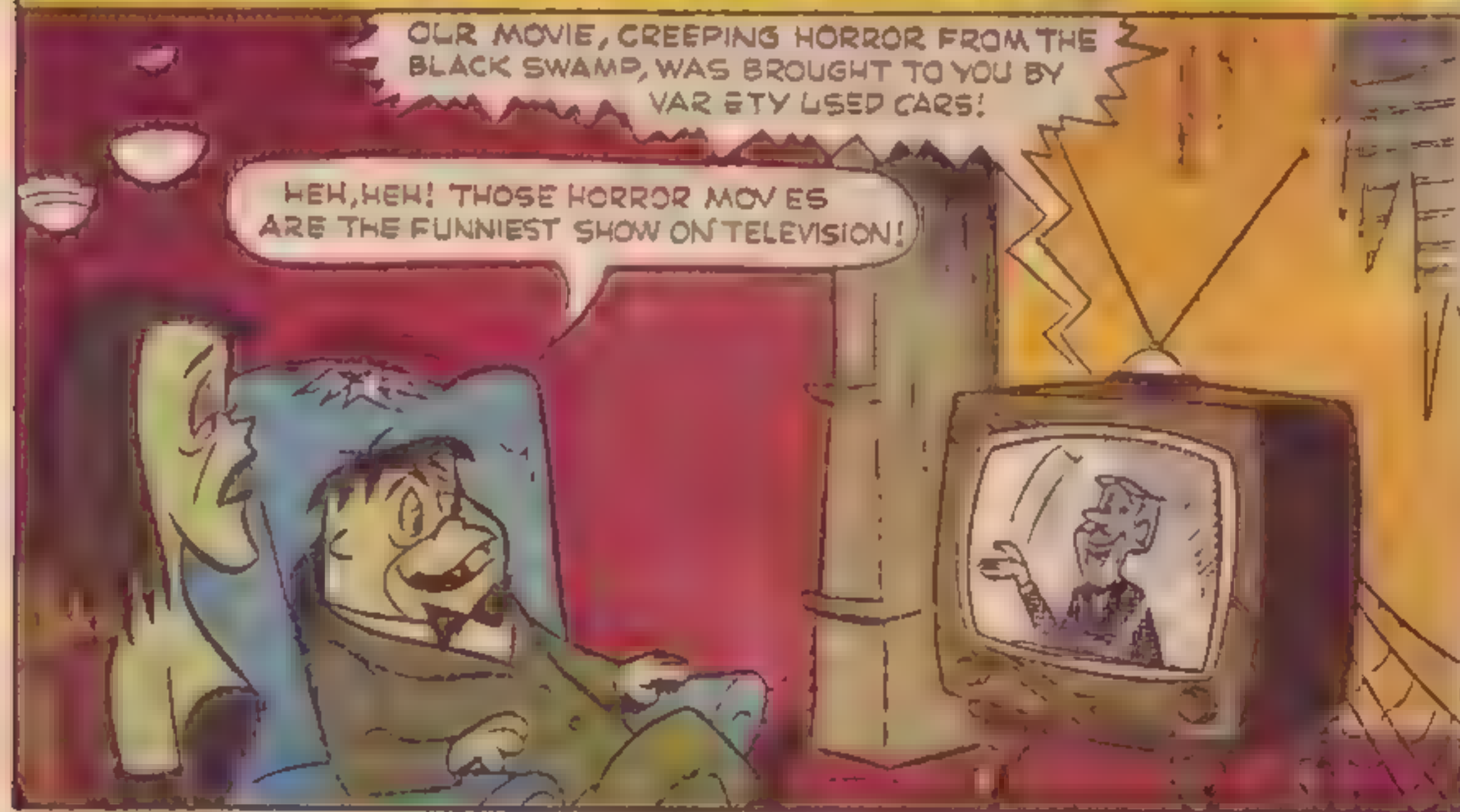
"So, you're the thief!" shouted Perry. "You told me that story about your wigs just to get me out of my office and throw me off your trail!"

So saying, Perry dived for the man...but our heroic detective hit a filing cabinet instead and knocked himself out. Then the filing cabinet fell over and knocked the crook out! Perry woke up first, however, and took his ex-client to the police where the thief was tossed in jail and all his wigs taken away.

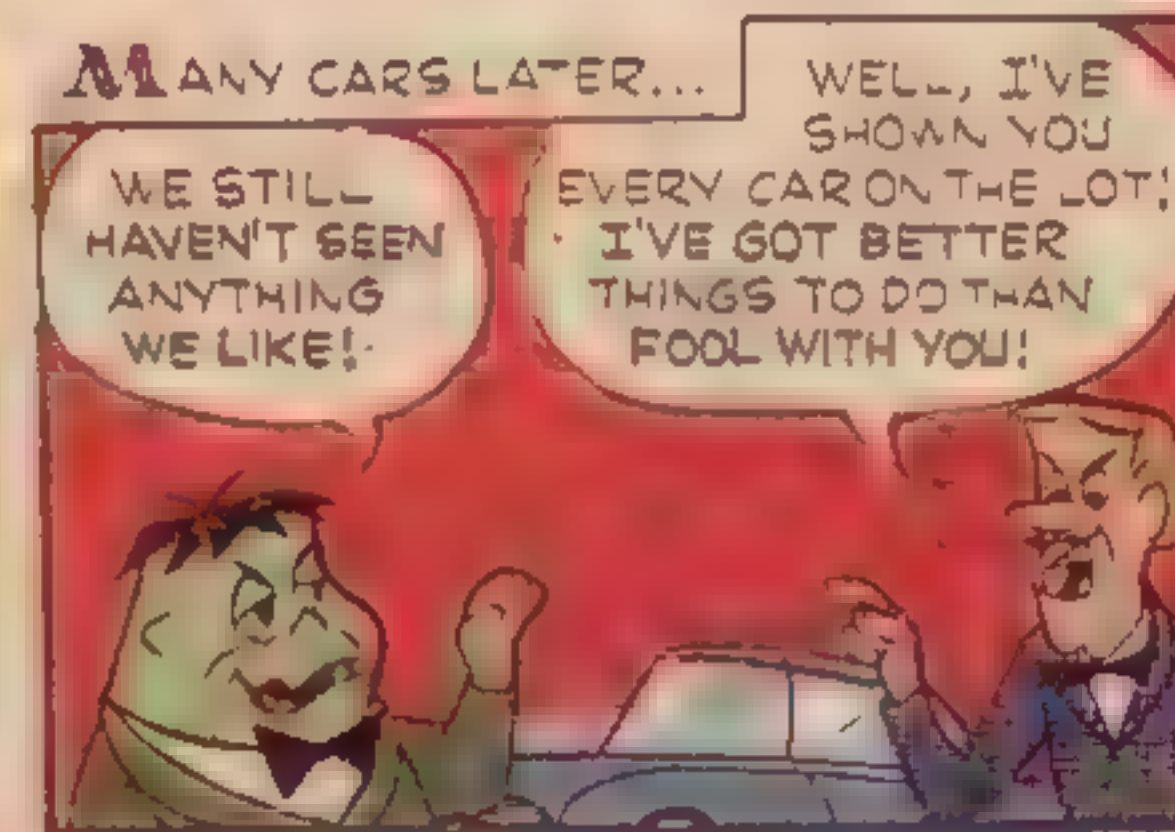
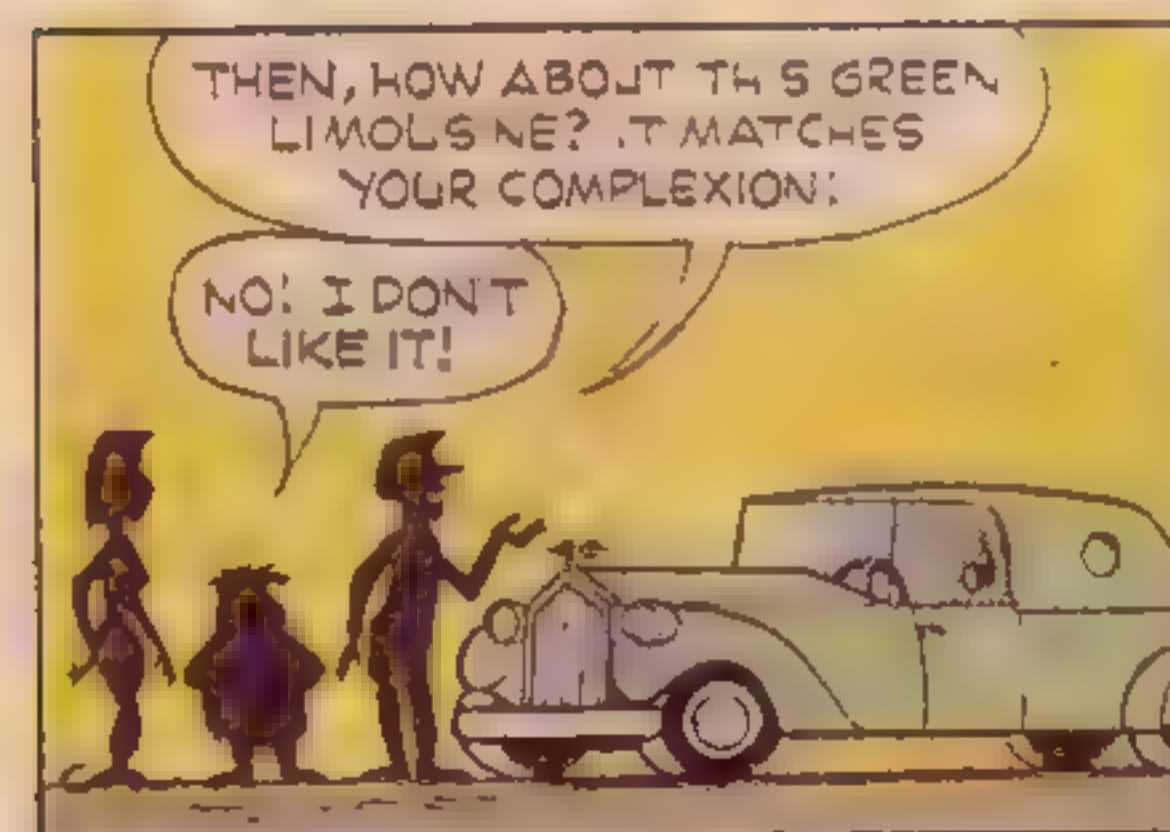
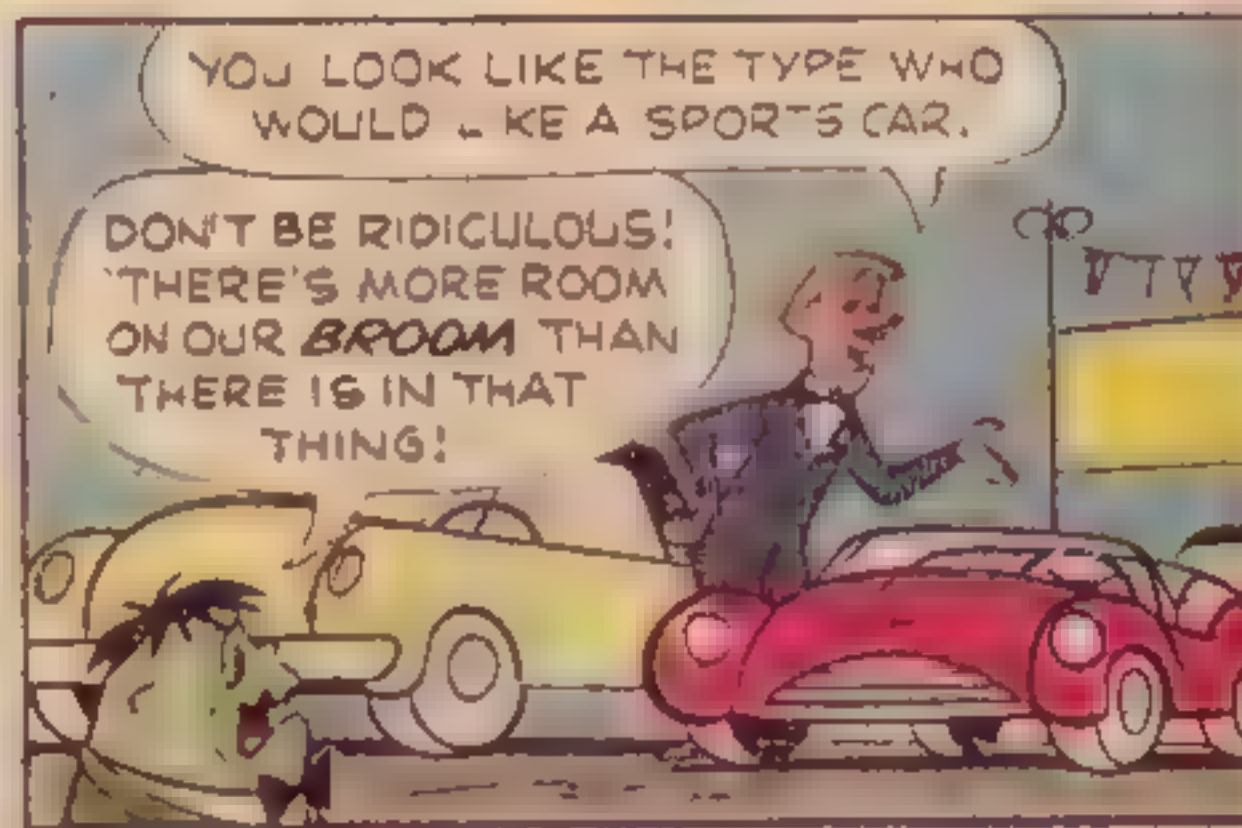
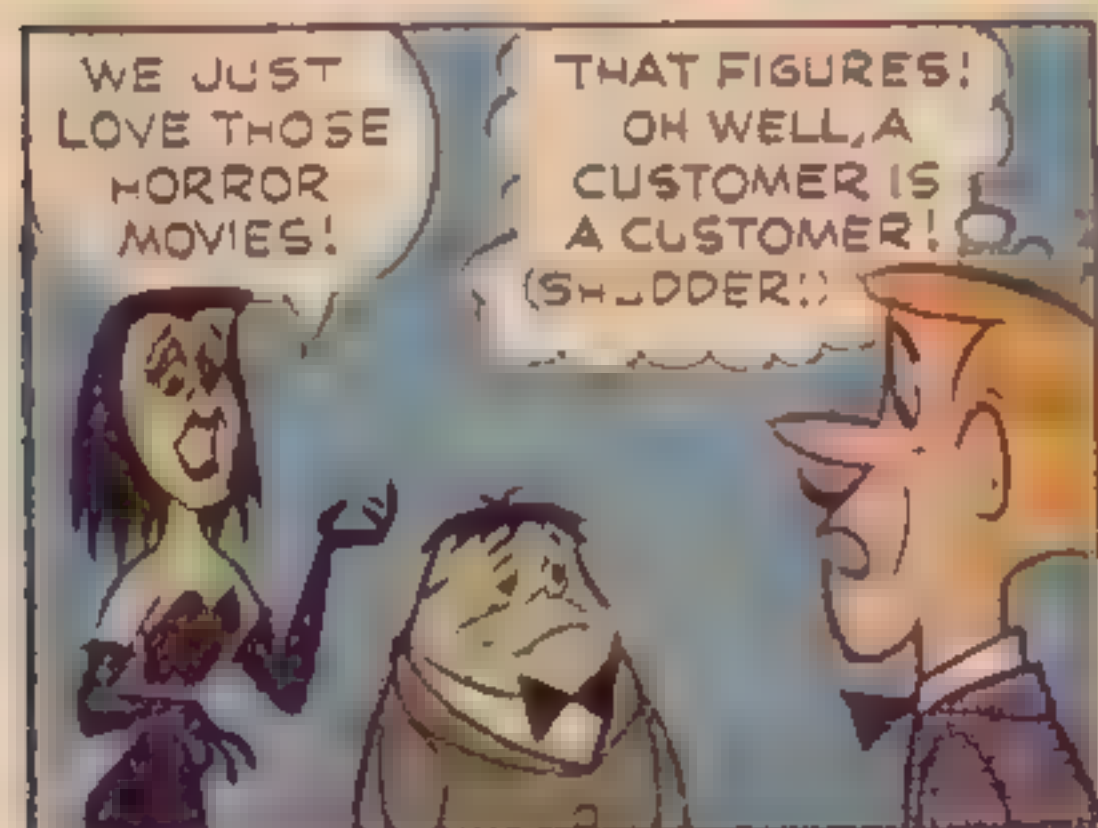
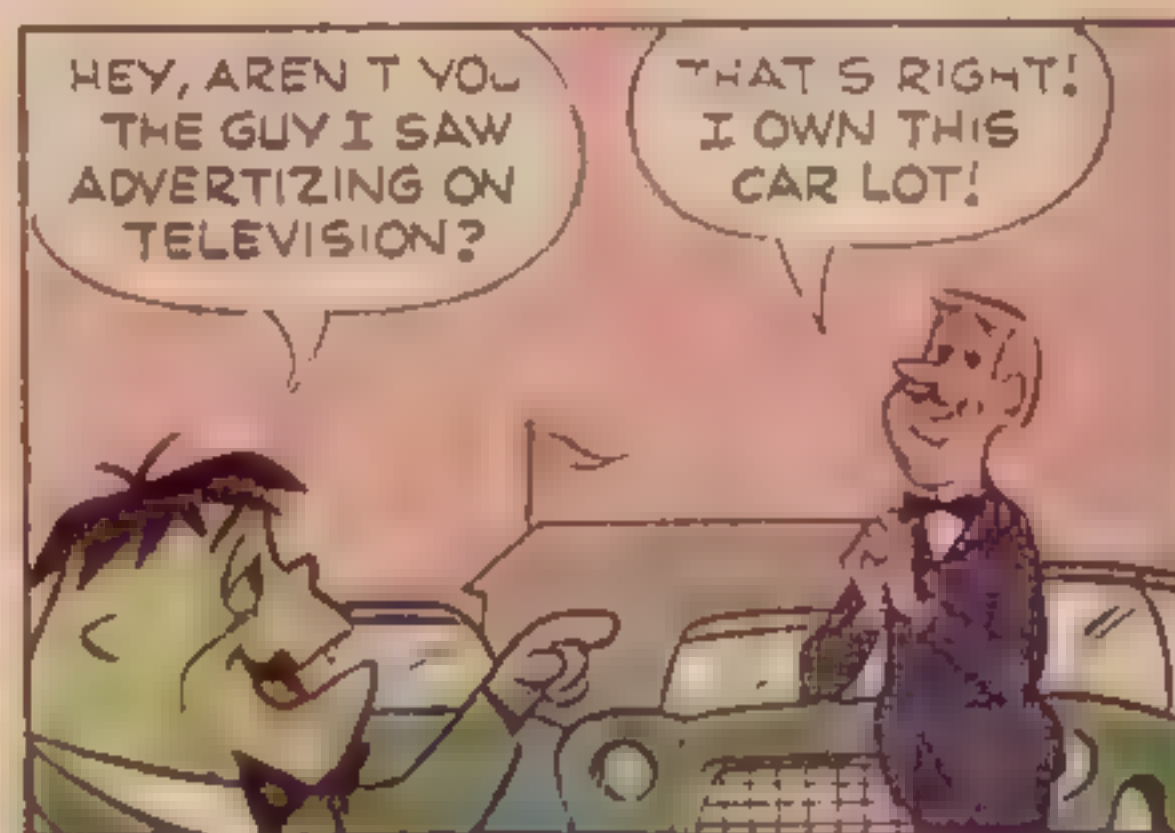
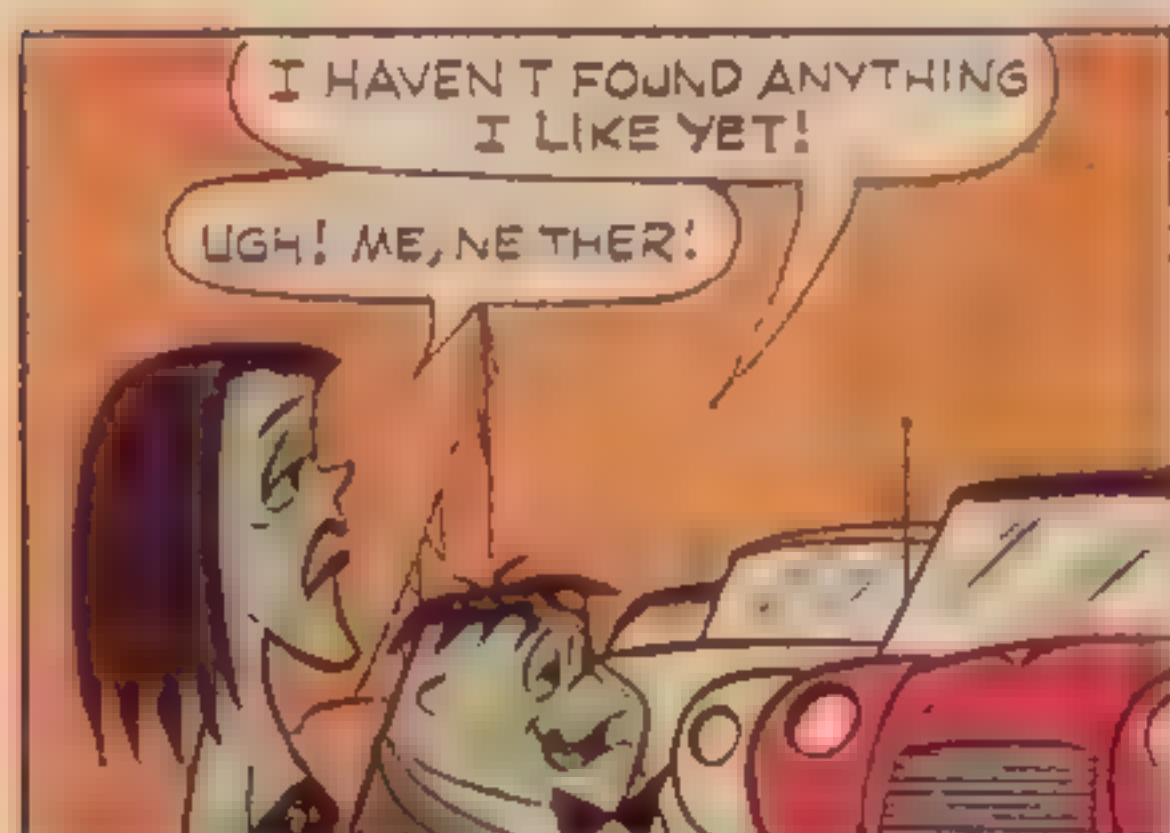
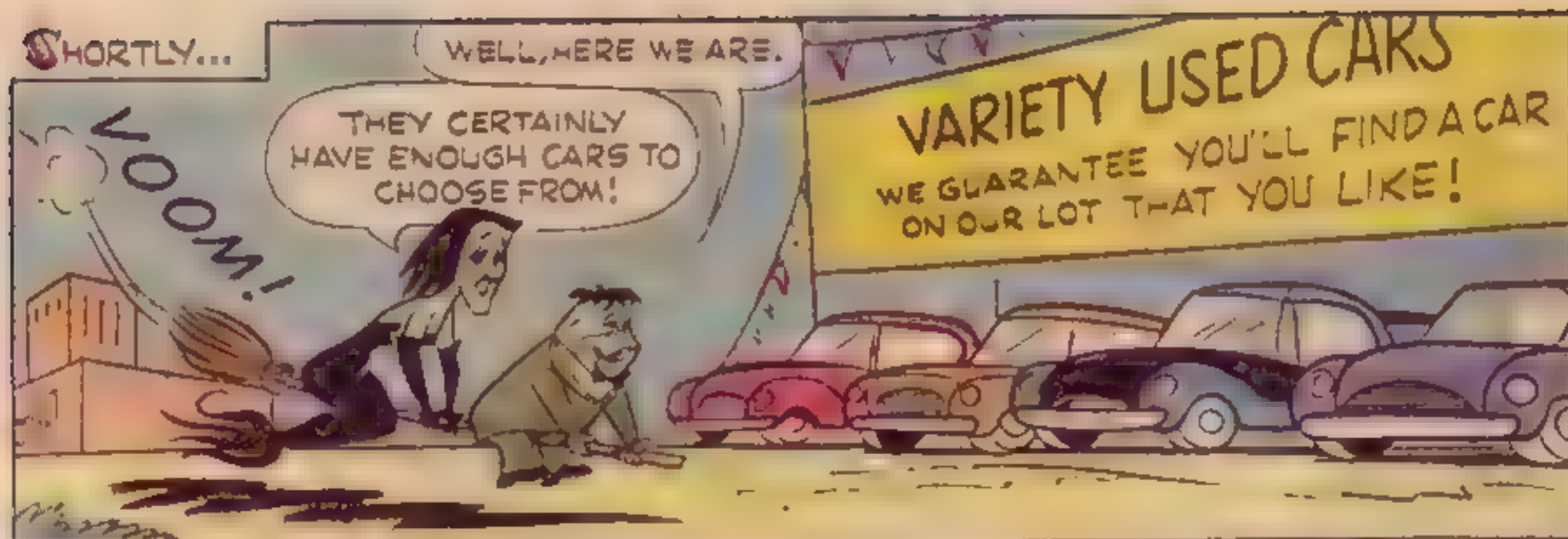
**MORAL:** With a crook, it's hair today... gone tomorrow!



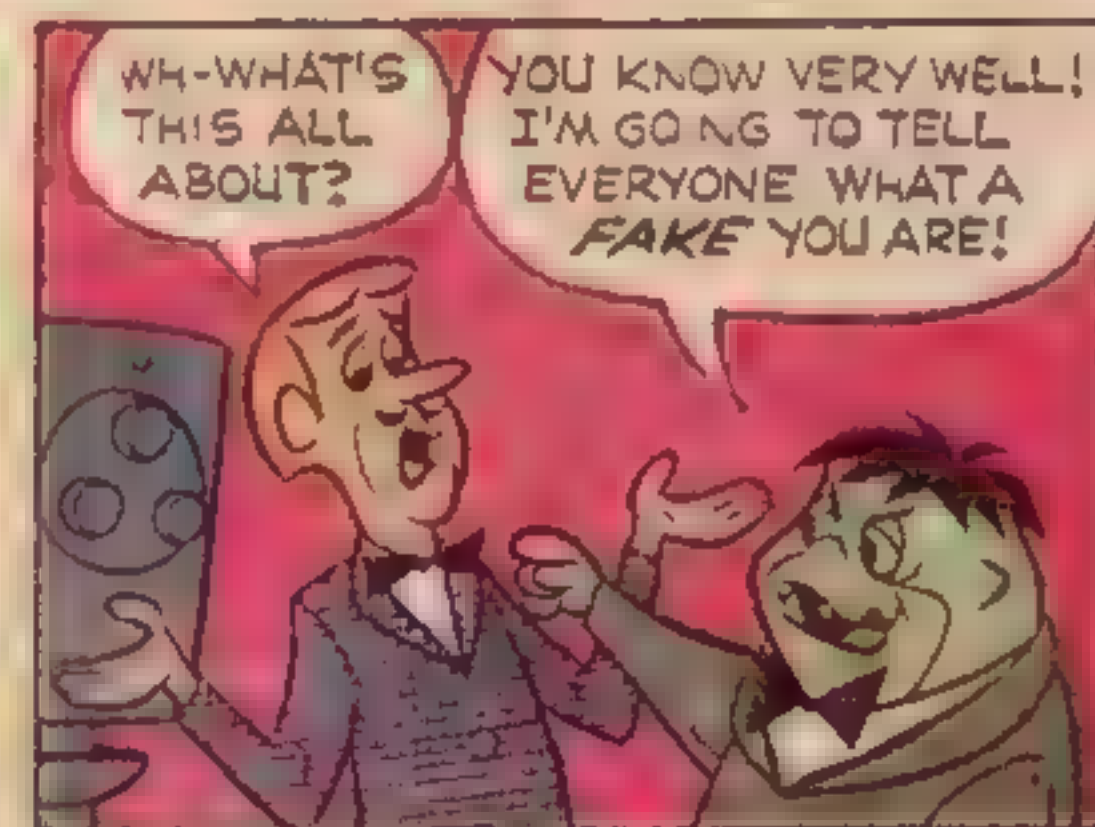
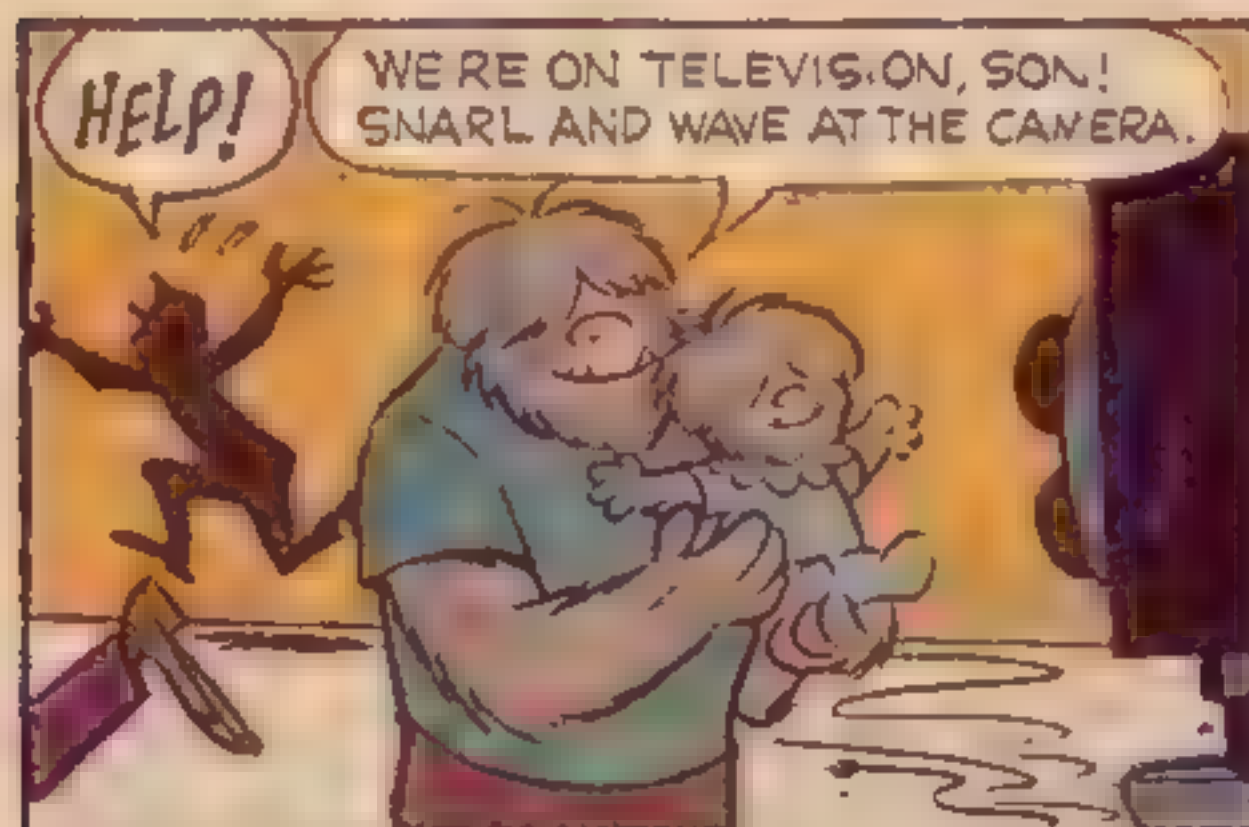
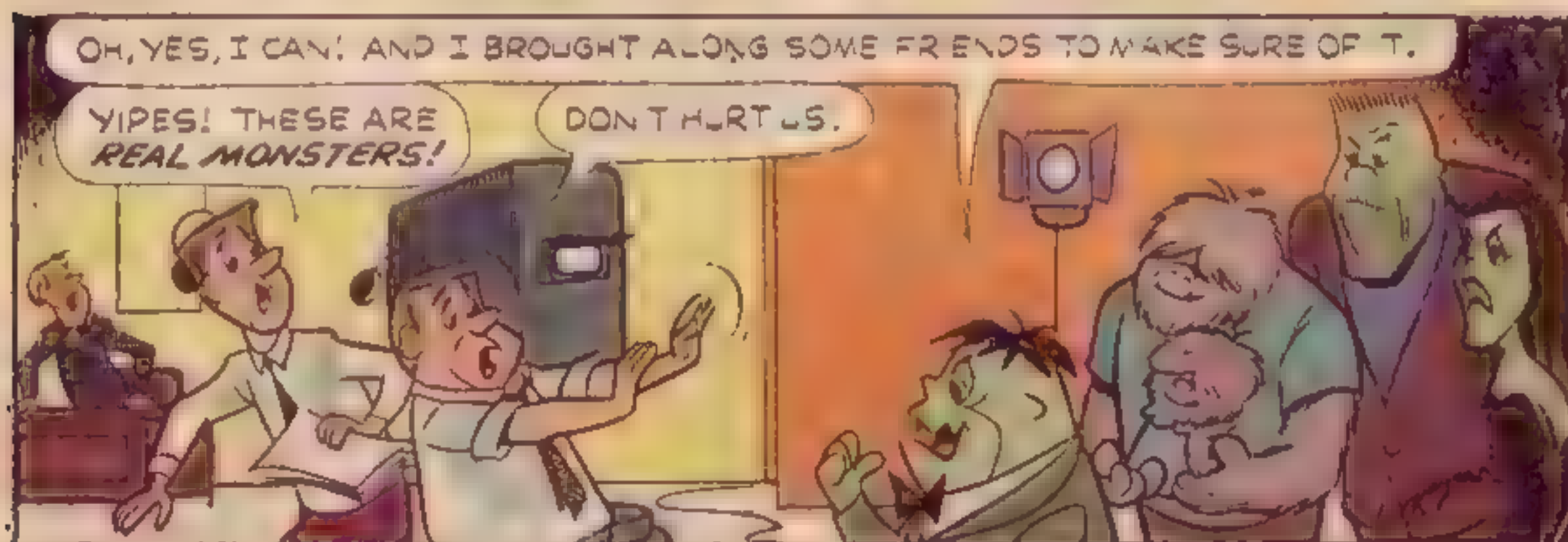
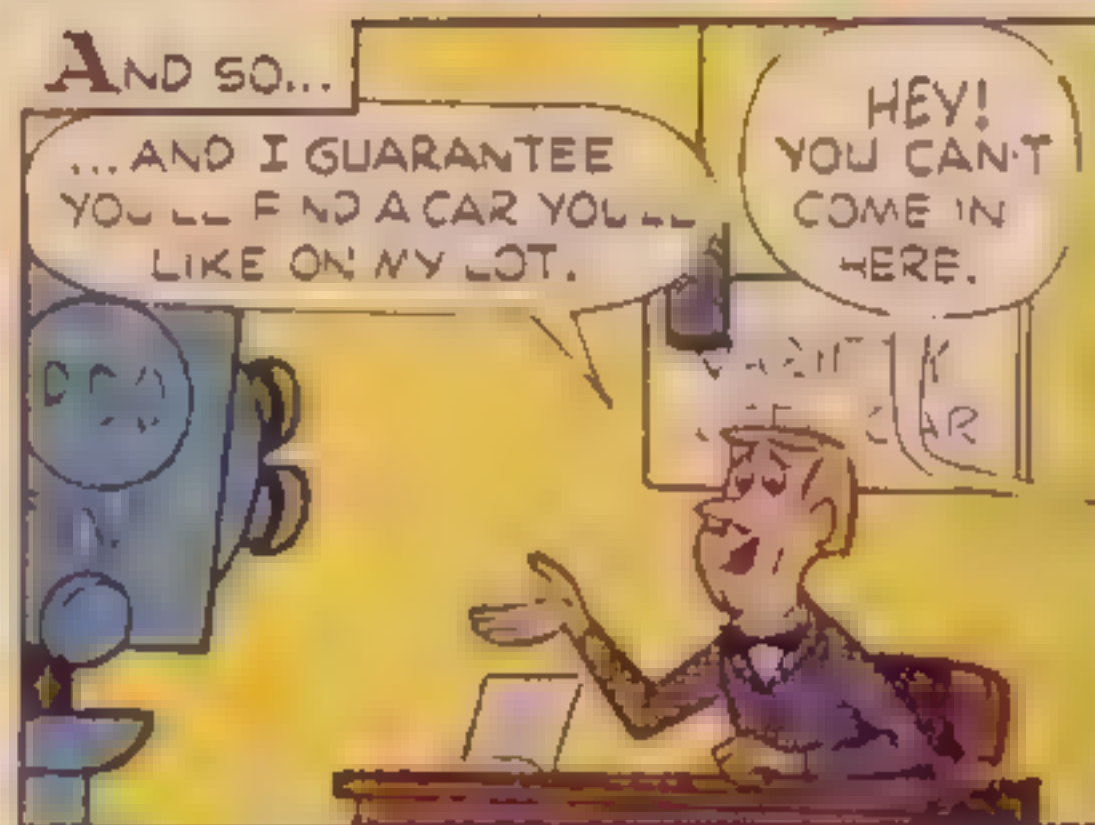
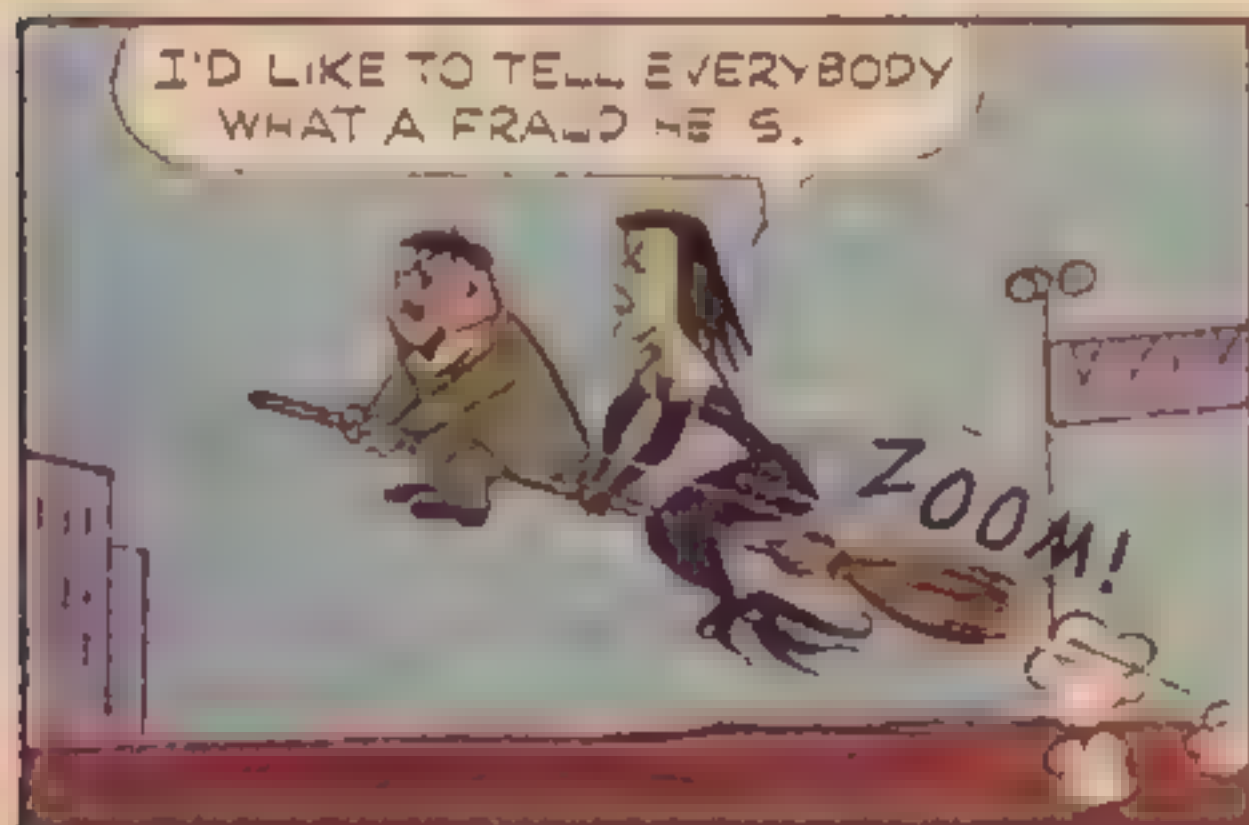
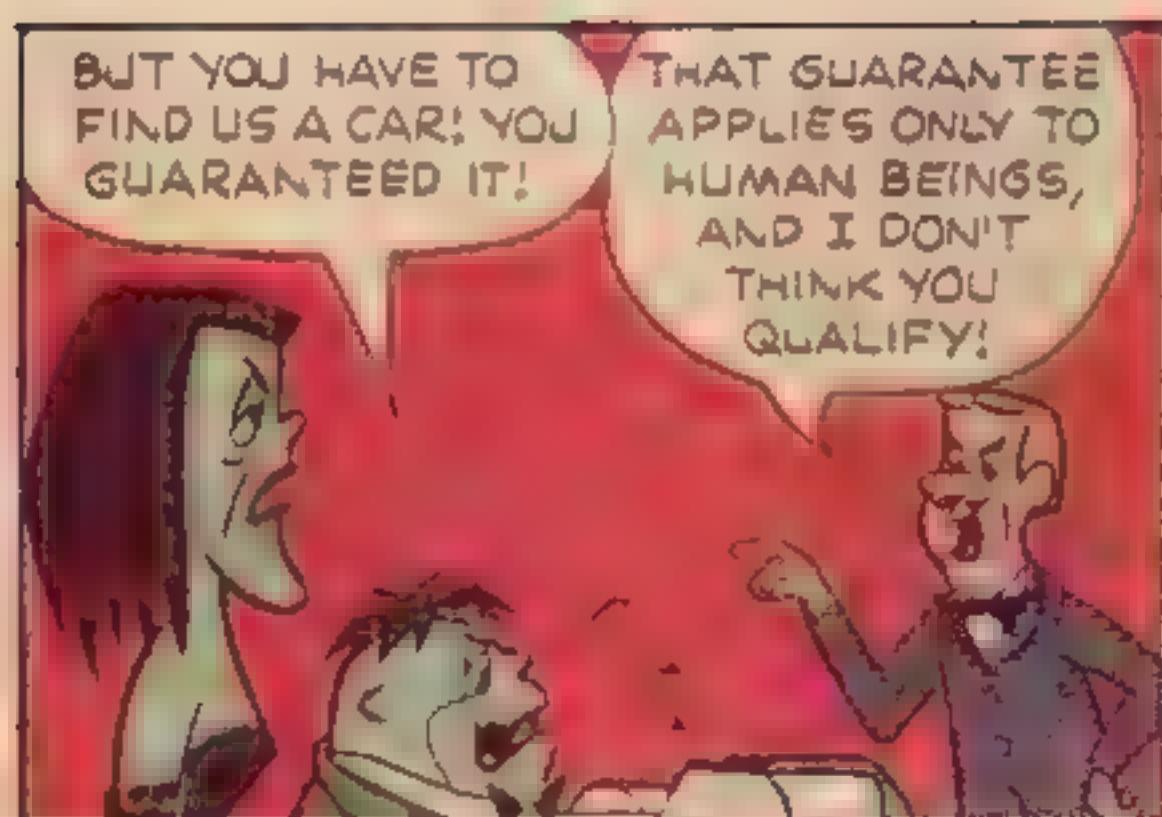
Hanna-Barbera MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST  
**THE CASE OF THE CREEPY CAR**



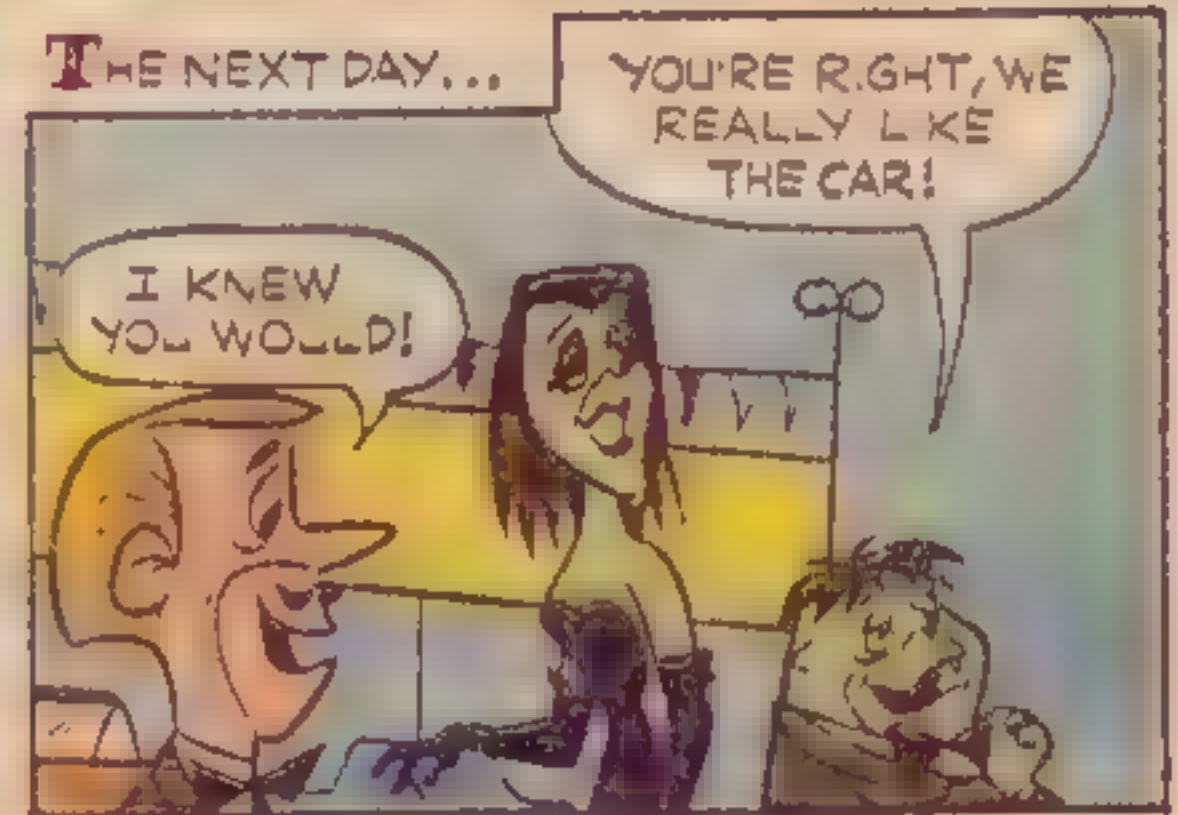
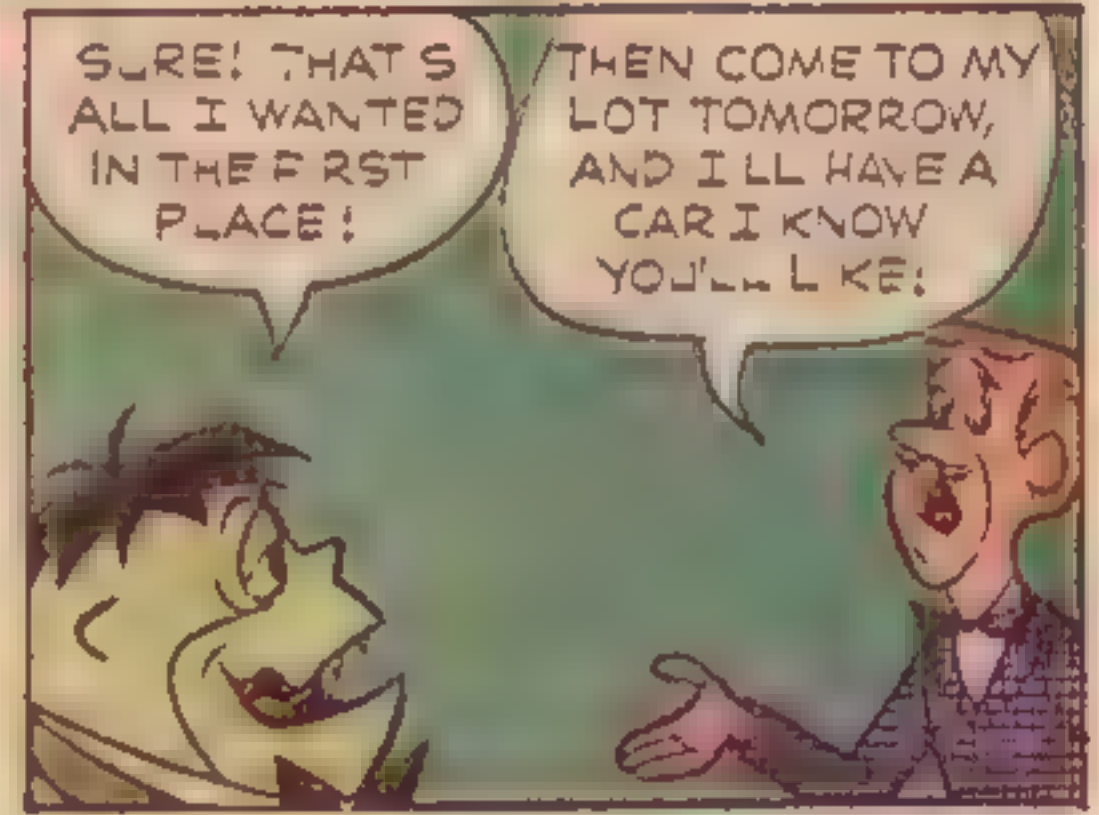
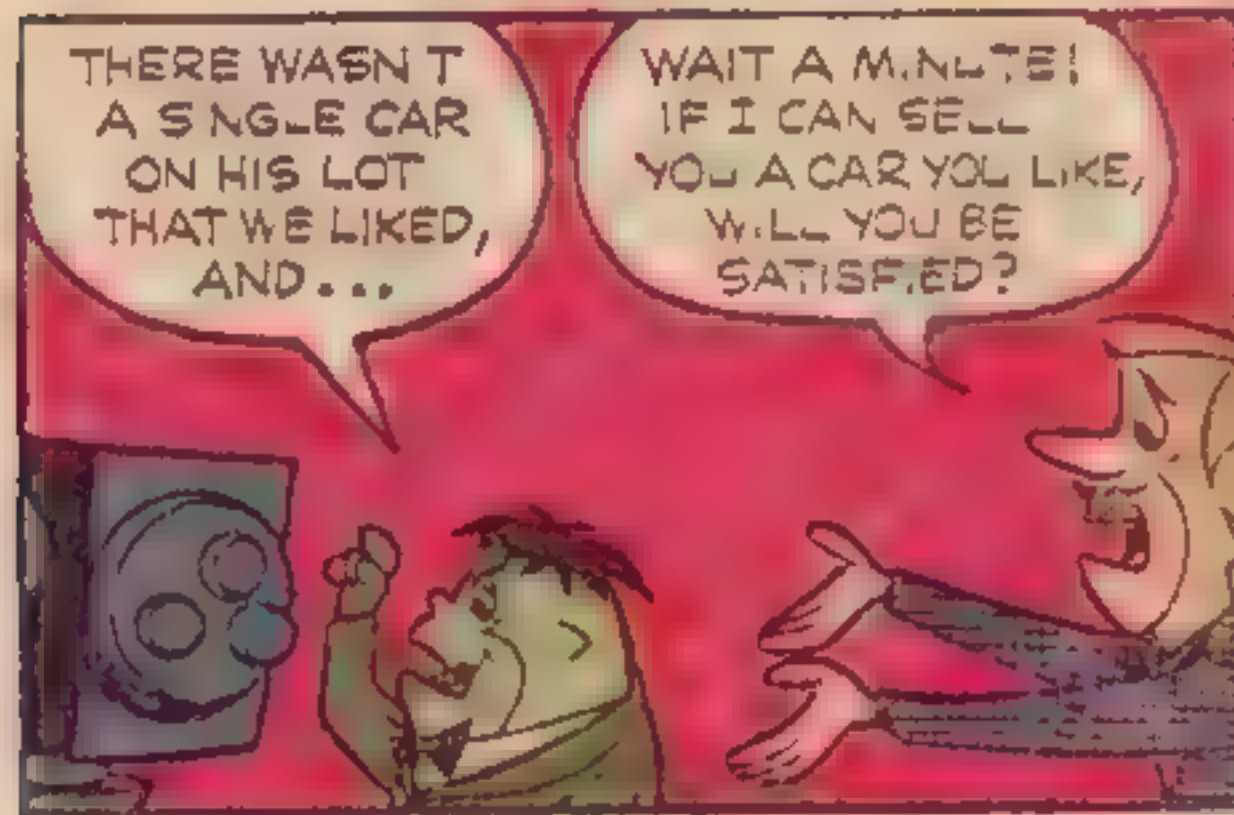
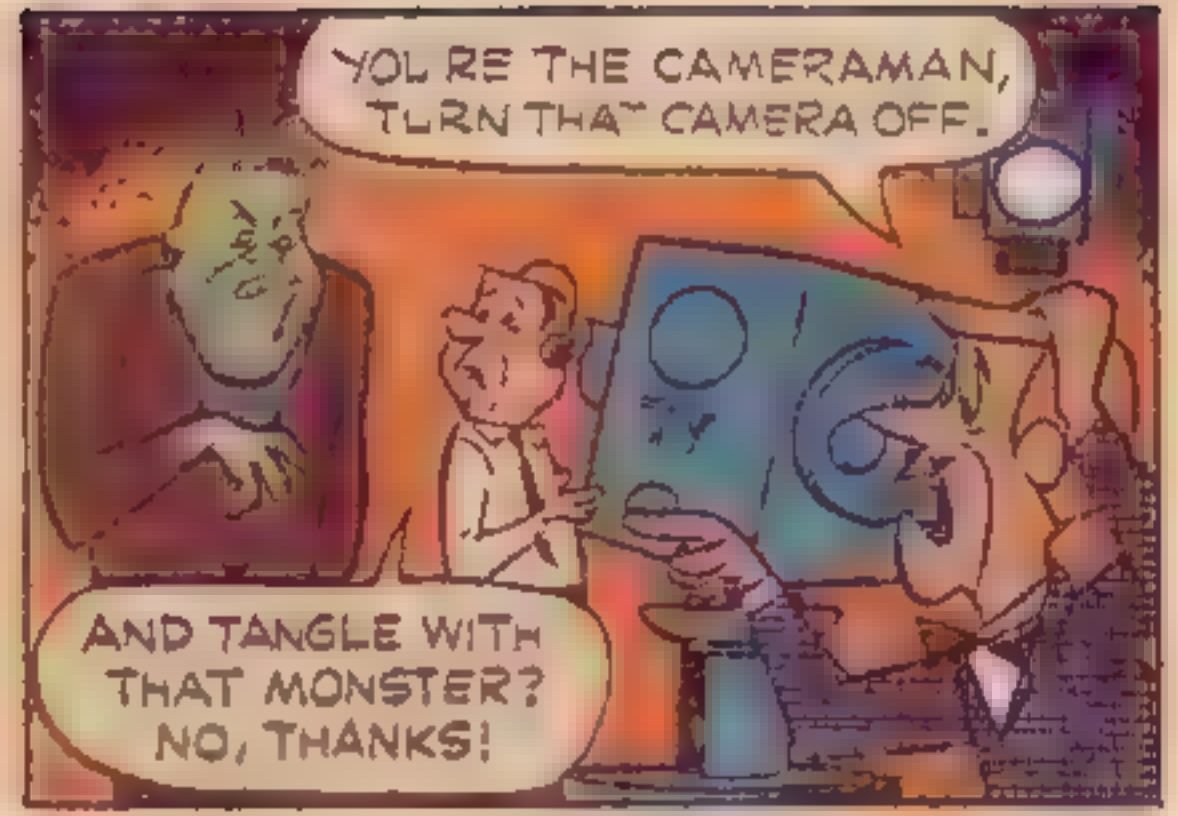
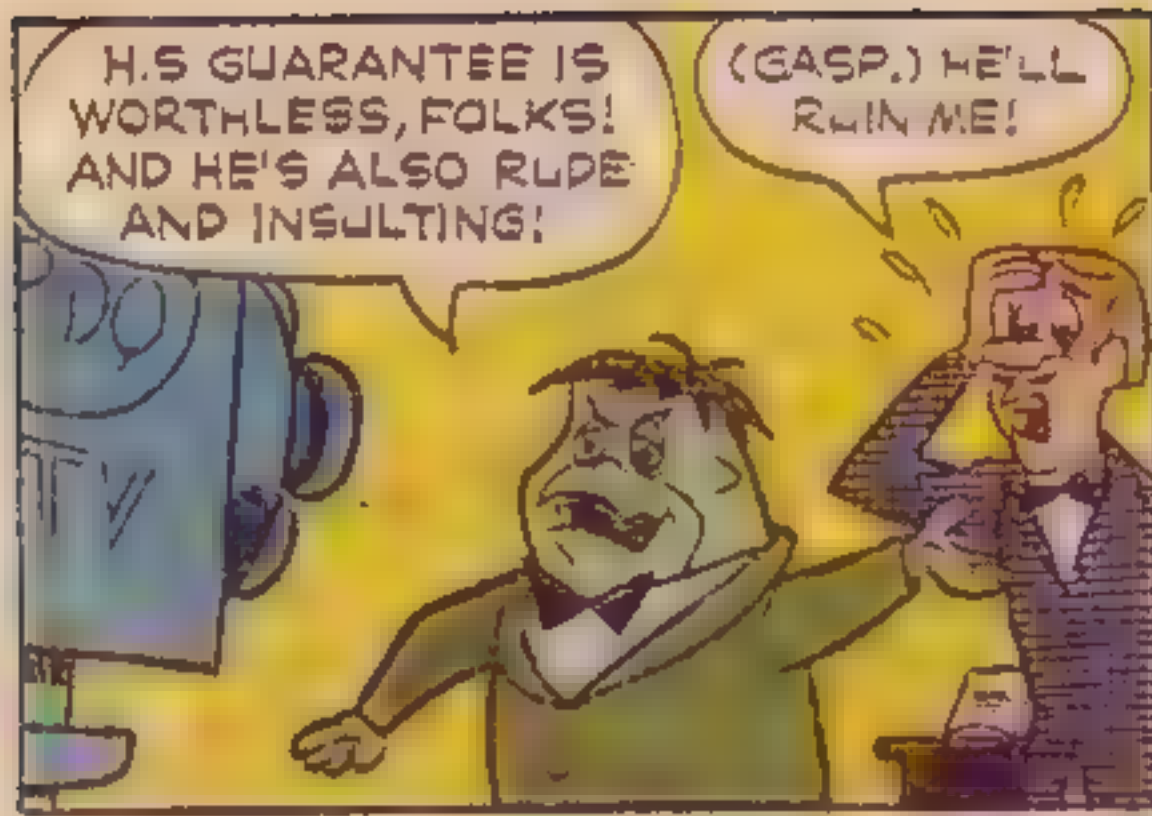














Hanna-Barbera

# THE FLINTSTONES

## THE BUTLER DIDN'T DO IT—NO BUTLER

FORTUNES  
10¢

PAST

PRESENT

FUTURE

REMEMBER, FRIEND...  
BEWARE! SOMEONE YOU  
KNOW IS ABOUT TO  
TURN ON YOU!

BOY, WHAT A  
LOT OF HOOEY,  
EH, BARN?

YEAH!

WE'LL HAVE TO BRING THE  
WIVES SOMETIME AND GIVE  
THEM A LAUGH!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT  
THAT, FRED. THEY MIGHT  
TAKE IT *SERIOUS*!

I GUESS  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

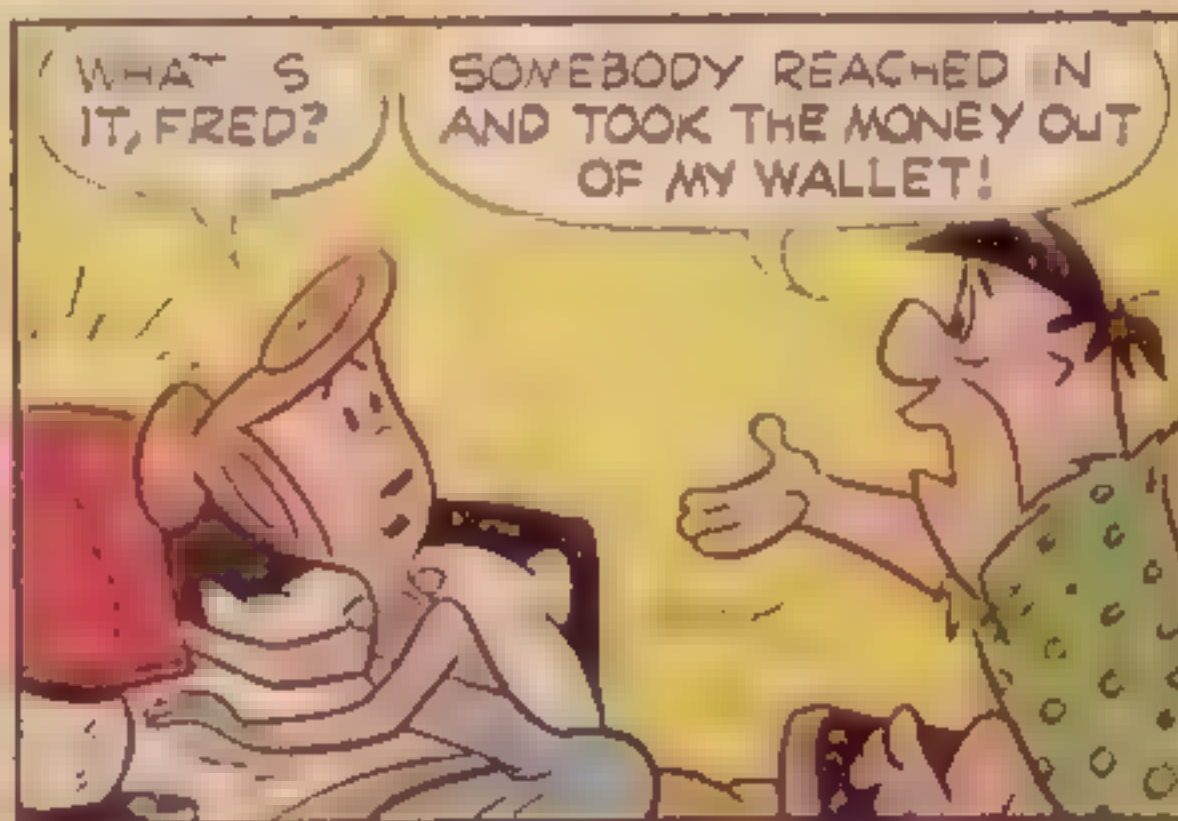
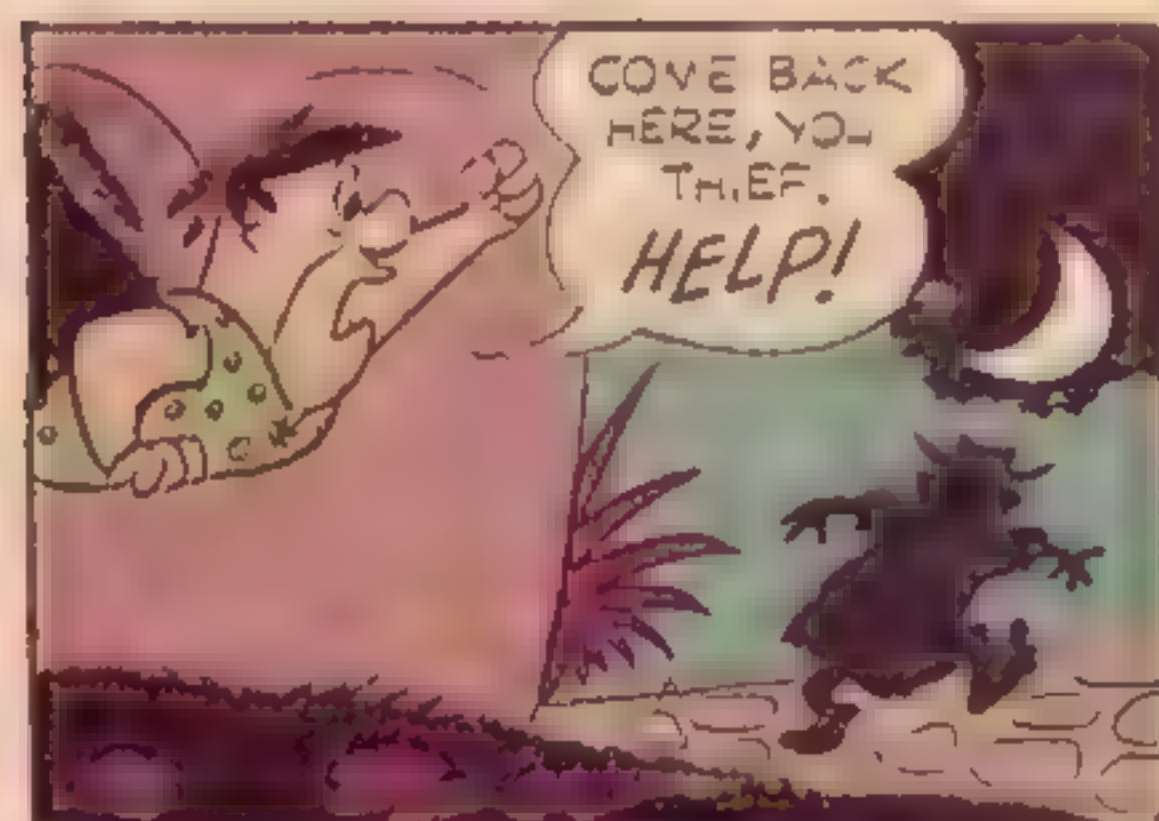
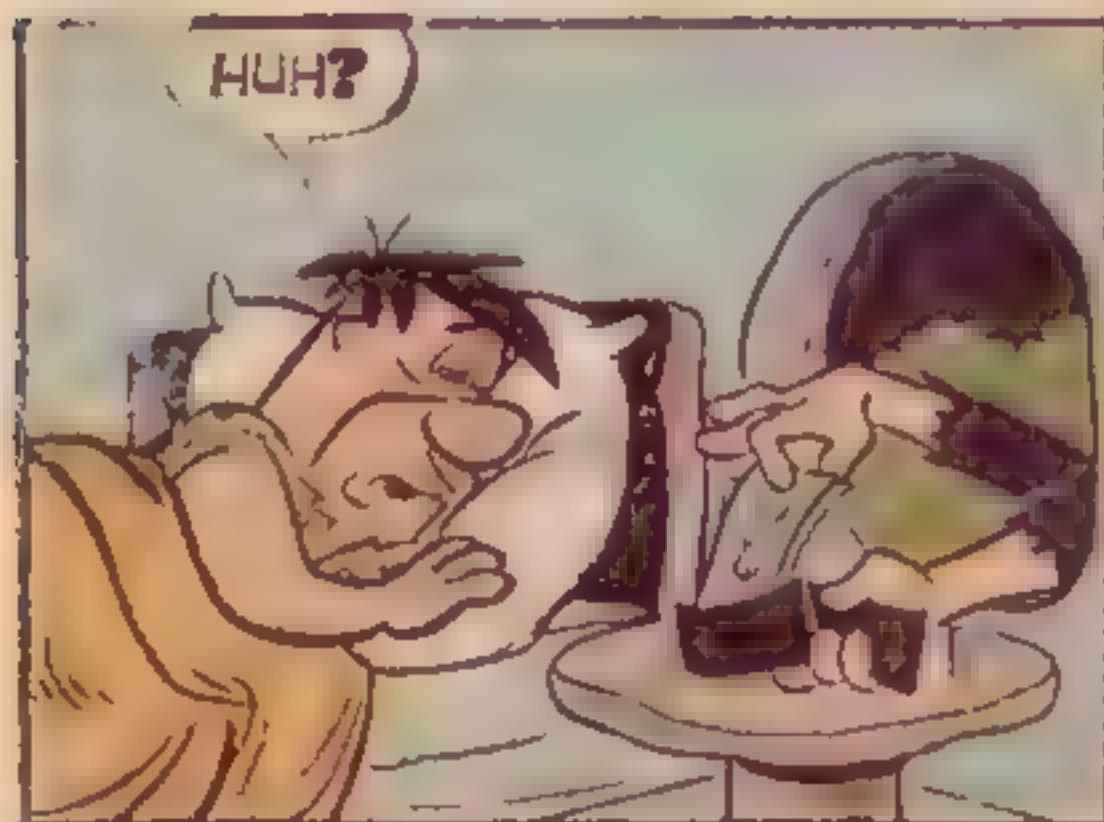
NIGHT, BARN, OL' CHUM!  
SEE YOU TOMORROW!

LATER...

DID YOU AND BARNEY  
HAVE A GOOD TIME ON  
THE TOWN, FRED?

YEAH,  
WILMA,  
IT WAS  
A BALL!







THE NEXT MORNING...

WHY, FRED FLINTSTONE ACCUSING YOUR BEST FRIEND OF STEALING IS **AWFUL!** OF ALL THINGS, LISTENING TO A FORTUNE-TELLER!

I DON'T CARE! I SAW A FIGURE IN THE DARK RUN TOWARDS BARNEY'S HOUSE!

NOW DON'T YOU DARE ACCUSE BARNEY OF BEING A THIEF.

I WON'T WITHOUT PROOF, BUT I'LL GET THAT SOON ENOUGH.

SHORTLY...

YOU SEE, BETTY, I THOUGHT IT BEST TO TELL YOU SO THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY MISUNDERSTANDING.

I UNDERSTAND, WILMA, AND I WON'T TELL BARNEY HE'S NUMBER ONE SUSPECT! HE'D JUST GET MAD AND ACT GLUTTY!

IT'S SO FOOLISH, BUT THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO CHANGE FRED'S MIND. HE'LL JUST HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!

I WONDER HOW FRED MEANS TO PROVE IT WAS BARNEY?

LATER, AFTER WORK...

DROP ME AT THE NEXT CORNER, BARNEY!

GEE WHIZ, FRED, THAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU'VE SAID TO ME ALL DAY!

THEN...

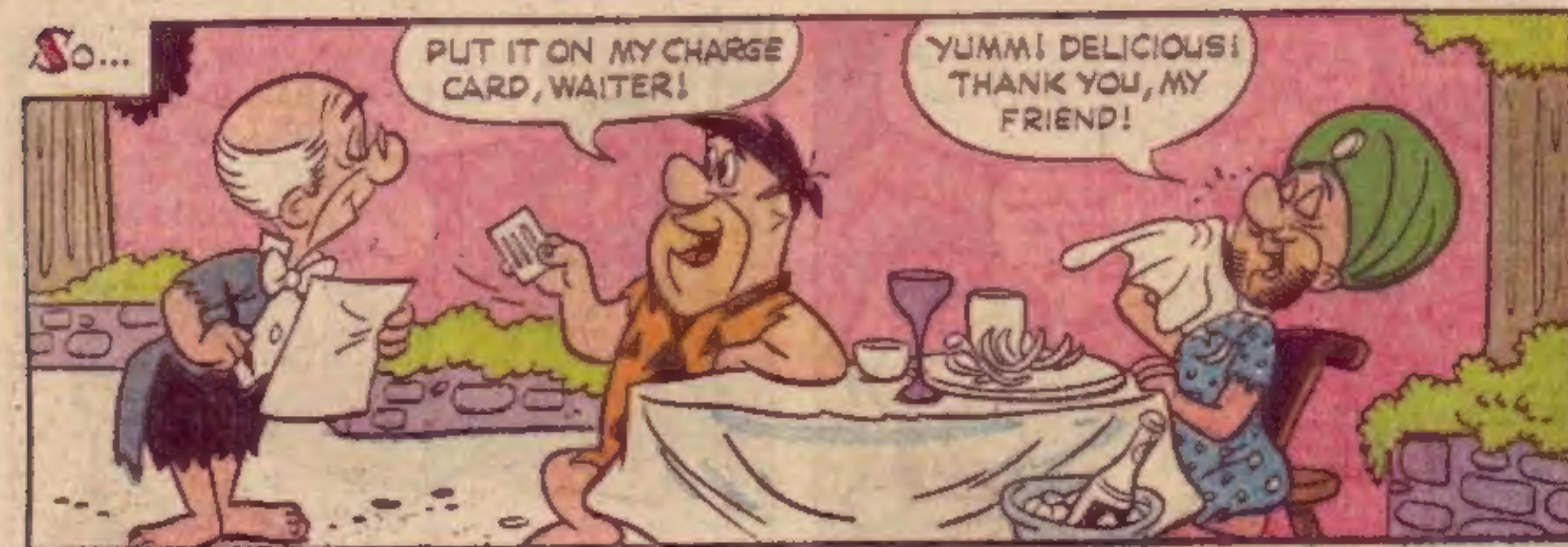
AH, YES, MR. FLINTSTONE, I DO KNOW WHO STOLE YOUR MONEY!

THAT'S ALL I NEED—PROOF!

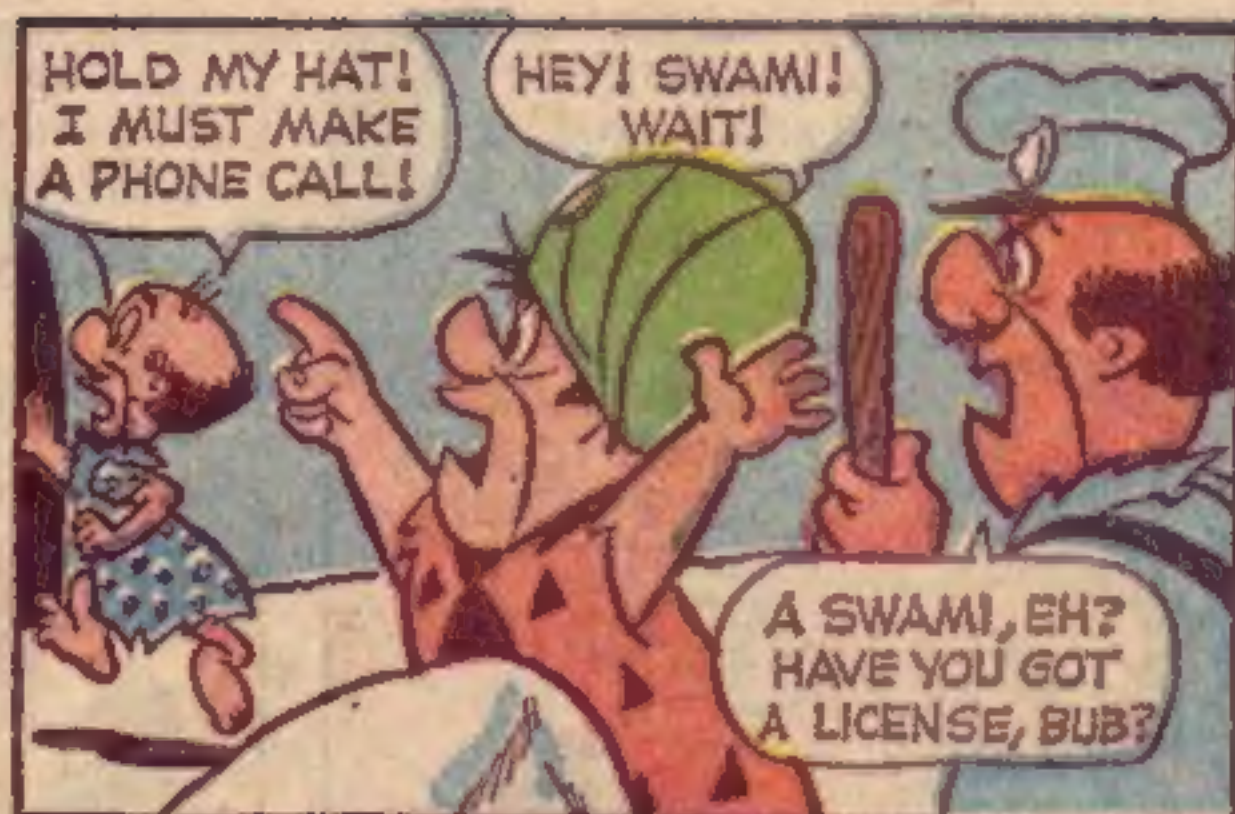
MEET ME TONIGHT AT THE GRAVEL PIT BAR-B-QUE AND I'LL TELL YOU!

GOSH, THAT'S AN **EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT!**















## A Flintstone Funny

